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The Week

IT is premature to infer that because Newton D. Baker favors cancellation of the Allied war debts the Democratic party will make an issue of the matter in opposing President Coolidge. This would require a real gymnastic feat in view of the fact that the principal Democratic opposition hitherto has been directed at the supposed leniency of the settlements. And it would be unlikely that the Democrats, having been so badly burned with the League of Nations, would follow its chief living advocate in this new attitude. We fear that such advocacy as Mr. Baker's will do the cause of intelligent action in the matter more harm than good. To regard America as the fairy god-mother of Europe, who failed in her obligations after the War by staying out of the League and now fails again by insisting on the payment of obligations, is in our opinion a sentimental and soft-minded way of thinking. To speak of the large military establishments of the Allies as necessary to the guardianship of "security," which we failed to guarantee by treaty is worse than sentimental. To favor complete cancellation out of hand as a consequence is to glide smoothly over the realities of the situation. The debts are justly due; sentimental pleas for cancellation are no more in order than would be callous repudiation. The real test ought to be economic —capacity to pay without undue hardship and capacity to receive without undue injury. Admission that the debts are owed is the pre-requisite to any moral which may be drawn from inability to pay, whether in part or in full. Mr. Baker is on more solid ground when he speaks of the need of the United States for the markets of a prosperous Europe. It is a pity that so much sound sense should be confused with so much that is questionable.

PROF. WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY gallantly returns to the attack in the September number of the Atlantic Monthly with a long article demanding adequate accounting standards and full publicity, enforced by the Federal Trade Commission, for the finances of corporations whose securities and stock are purchased by the general public. In spite of the high standards set by such reports as those of the U. S. Steel Corporation and the General Motors Company he has no difficulty in pointing out a variety of shortcomings in the practices of many large concerns whose stock is widely distributed. Complete lack of information, inadequate balance sheets only, balance sheets but no income accounts, indefensible over- or under-depreciation, sudden reversals in accounting policy which reveal former concealment of profits or losses, new forms of stock-watering by deflating liabilities instead of inflating assets, failure to state the basis of valuation of the company's plants and inventories—such practices seem fairly common. Professor Ripley has little hope that even if stockholders were fully informed they would take intelligent interest in corporate management, but he does express what seems to us a justified hope that if the facts were ascertainable, and frequently enough, the advice of bankers, brokers and other experts would bring about a fair market price, and the outside stockholders' investment would be more safely guarded against foolish or secretive

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policies of inside management and the grosser forms of market rigging.

IT IS, however, a little difficult to get excited over so obvious a reform whose object seems to be the protection of the absentee owner. Of course, the more and better the publicity concerning corporate affairs, the easier it will be not only for small investors but for statisticians, economists and all interested in industrial policy. Good information is the requisite for anything further, and we are strong for it. But the corporations which already furnish adequate publicity concerning their affairs often present as serious social problems as those which do not. A reform of this sort is of prime value rather to the corporations themselves, if they want their securities to interest a wide public, if they are ever likely to need more capital than the big fellows will give them or than they can secrete from profits. An investing public so well educated that it would steer clear of all shares, except those of companies which adequately report their finances ought to stimulate the reform. A wide and honest investment market would be one of the greatest bulwarks of capitalism as we know it. On this account it is a bit difficult to understand why a corporation lawyer like Gilbert H. Montague, instead of seconding Professor Ripley's demand for uniform Federal standards of accounting, should support the prevailing confusion by objecting to the governmental maintenance of standards and publicity—one of the first duties of government—as paternalistic bureaucracy. State legislation as an alternative is bound to be scattering, dilatory and diverse, and to advocate it is in effect to oppose any adequate legislation.

THE papers print a "sharp" note addressed by the United States to the shadowy Chinese central government, protesting against the attempt to raise a domestic loan of $12,500,000 on the security of the maritime tax, which the note contends should be allocated to the discharge of debts to American citizens and corporations. Other powers have rallied to this issue. This action will probably cast doubt on the value of the security in the eyes of Chinese bankers, and cause the failure of the loan. The powers are doubtless technically correct, and follow the established precedent of treating China as in a state of financial tutelage. At the same time their action shows a lack of vision, also strictly according to precedent. The same powers which protested against the loan, by their failure to agree in conference to terms on which the Chinese customs tariff should be revised, made the loan necessary. It would seem as if the Chinese government had somehow a right to live.

THERE is little hope for softening of the farmers' revolt in the news that the average level of prices for farm products had by August 15 continued its decline, being 20 points or about 15 percent lower than a year ago, and but 32 percent above the pre-war level. While it is true that farm price of corn advanced between July and August, the corn belt is more apt to be impressed by the fact that hog prices fell. The purchasing power of farm products in terms of industrial products is now down to 85 percent of the pre-war status, being at the lowest point since December, 1924. Cotton and grains are of course the chief sufferers. Is the Coolidge luck going to desert the White House at the time of the Congressional elections this fall, or will some unforeseen event cheer up the farmers before voting time? We see no sign anywhere on the horizon that the drive for some sort of governmental aid in disposing of export surpluses and tariff equalization with industry will be any weaker this fall than it was last spring.

THE building boom is certainly on the wane. For six months the figures of contracts awarded have been falling, and for the last two months they have been below the same months of 1925. Now comes a survey from the National Association of Real Estate Boards, revealing that in cities with a population of over 500,000, 67 percent of the local boards report the market less active than a year ago, 22 percent report it the same, and only 11 percent report gains. Furthermore, only 11 percent of all reporting cities say that residential rents are increasing, 65 percent indicate stationary rents and 24 percent report a downward tendency. In the larger cities, still higher percentages report falling rents. As real estate men are inclined to talk boom rather than depression, these figures are undoubtedly none too pessimistic. Another indication of the end of the boom is that only 17 percent of the reports indicate a shortage of single-family dwellings, 15 percent a shortage of apartments and 12 percent a shortage of business structures, though in December these figures stood at 36 percent, 33 percent and 34 percent. We wish these statistics really meant that the housing shortage is approaching its end. What they do mean, of course, is that the commercial demand for housing profitable to the speculative builder is declining. The housing shortage for those of the smaller incomes has existed for years and will continue even during a building depression.

IN THE midsummer boasting of unprecedented prosperity it is well to consider what a marked and continued decline of building, if accompanied by a decrease in the sale of automobiles, would do to industrial activity. The Federal Reserve Board in its August bulletin states:

> It is the continued large volume of construction and the growth in the manufacture of automobiles that largely account for the maintenance of industrial activity at its present high level. . . . Industries pro-

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> ducing articles for more immediate consumption, such as woolen and clothing industries, the production of leather and shoes, and the output of manufactured goods, have been relatively less active. Production in these lines of industry has in fact been smaller during the past six months than in the corresponding period of the three preceding years.

We note that the industries which have thriven are those whose output is absorbed either through new capital investment, the purchases of the well-to-do, or the extension of instalment selling. We note that those which are not so well off depend on cash purchasses by the small consumer. We note as above that farmers' incomes are not swelling. And we note from the same Federal Reserve Bulletin that the payrolls of manufacturing establishments are not so large as in 1923, and are but little larger than in 1925.

THE run-off election in Texas confirmed the result of the primary. Dan Moody, the youthful attorney-general, defeated Governor Miriam Ferguson by two to one for the Democratic nomination which in Texas is tantamount to election. Whether this will end the career of former governor "Jim" Ferguson, the real power behind the throne during his wife's régime, we do not know. It is safe to say, however, that Mrs. Ferguson will not again be a candidate for office but will return to those housewifely duties which she so much prefers and should never have abandoned. The outstanding result of her tenure of office is the harm she has done to the feminist movement in this country. For a generation to come, no woman will be able to run for office anywhere without having her path made more difficult by memory of what Mrs. Ferguson has done. That fact, in the long view, is more important than the question, still in the realm of acute controversy, as to whether she and her husband have served Texas as badly as their opponents charge.

IT IS well that the issue of conscription has been raised again, in a manifesto to the League of Nations signed by a large number of prominent persons from fourteen nations, including C. F. Andrews, Norman Angell, Henri Barbrusse, Albert Einstein, Ghandi, Pierre Hamp, Arthur Ponsonby, Romain Rolland, Count Kessler, Bertrand Russell, Dr. Ignaz Seipel, Rabindranath Tagore, Miguel de Unanumo and H. G. Wells. Abolition of conscription, they urge, was included in the first draft of the League Covenant, and is in harmony with the resolution of peoples who demanded the League as a preventive of future war. "Conscription involves the degradation of human personality and the destruction of liberty. Barrack life, military drill, blind obedience to commands, however unjust and foolish they may be, and deliberate training for slaughter undermine respect for the individual, for democracy and human life." Conscription implants in the young an impression of the inevitability of war. It makes it easier for a government to declare war and to silence opposition by a mere mobilization order. Therefore public opinion in all nations should be educated to abolish it. Evidently the writers of the manifesto were thinking of conscription in times of peace. Once a nation has entered a war under modern conditions, it is futile to expect that universal military service will not follow. There are, indeed, some good reasons for preferring it to the volunteer system, once the state of war is granted. Nor should we hope that war may be prevented merely by restrictions on measures of preparation. Nevertheless, one of the chief requirements of a world organized for peace is the absence of obligatory military training, and of a conscription law on the statute books, ready to be put into effect by a simple executive order.

Where Does the League Stand?

DURING this month the League of Nations will again be in session. The meeting is one of the most important, and probably the most important, in its history. The eyes of the world will for the next few weeks be turned toward Geneva. The present is therefore a timely moment to take stock of the League's situation. How has it satisfied the expectations entertained for it? What are its chances for the future?

As we pointed out last week, the same storm clouds which gathered around the League in March have again appeared. Germany signed at Locarno on the understanding that she, and she alone, at least for the present, would be given a permanent seat on the League Council. Naturally, she objected when Brazil, Spain and even Poland suddenly came forward with simultaneous claims for the same honor. She suspected, and not without reason, that France was behind at least the Polish request, seeking to bring in her satellite state on terms of equality as an offset to the admission of the "hereditary foe." The negotiations broke down; and with what serious consequence everyone is aware.

The removal of Brazil from the scene has not improved the situation. Spain and Poland remain, and are in the precise frame of mind they shared six months ago. Lord Cecil has recently invented a compromise plan for which great hopes have been entertained. The number of Council seats for the lesser powers would be increased from six to nine and of these only three would be subject to re-election and therefore "semi-permanent." This slightly ridiculous scheme Poland is willing to accept. Spain, however, at present refuses the suggestion. If she stood alone, England and France could bring pressure to bear upon her. She might even be allowed to resign on the theory that she

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would eventually come back and that it is better to get Germany than to keep Spain. However, she does not stand alone. She has now been drawn completely into the Italian orbit. The new treaty between the two countries which has so upset the chancelleries of Europe is intended to help make the Mediterranean an Italian-Spanish lake and to oppose by every means the ambitions of France and England in Northern Africa. Spain's action is therefore a clue to Italian policy; and the League hardly dares risk the defection of Rome, even at the cost of postponing once more the entrance of Germany, with the resultant weakening of the League's prestige. It is no secret that such a result would not be at all displeasing to the Italian dictator. Mussolini has long disliked the League, which he regards as a device whereby England and France can advance their own interests at his expense while seeming to act impersonally and unselfishly. The delicate situation created at the moment of Germany's entrance is just the occasion which the Roman dictator is likely to seize for the purpose of muddying the waters in order to do the sort of fishing he knows and likes best.

It is no exaggeration therefore to say that September, 1926, is a critical month in the history of the League. But perhaps even more serious, in the long view, is another fact. Lately, the European states have again begun to make alliances among themselves on an extensive scale. In theory such alliances are not incompatible with the League: they usually begin with an agreement of neutrality on one side if the other is attacked by a third power, which is in a way an imitation of the Locarno agreements. Actually, however, these new arrangements contain a serious threat to the League; for they look toward a new balance of power in Europe, and the balance of power, as the world has good reason to know, always implies the threat of war. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion, as we pointed out last week, that some at least of these treaties have been negotiated not in accordance with the League but as alternatives to it, in the fear—or the hope—that it may find its sphere of influence greatly curtailed. This is certainly true of the German-Russian treaty of last April. It is equally true of the Italian-Spanish arrangement already mentioned. Poland and Russia are on the eve of negotiating a neutrality treaty which, on Russia's side at least, will be anti-Geneva. In view of his general attitude it is fair to say the same of Mussolini's arrangements with Jugoslavia, Rumania and Greece. Meanwhile Poland, France and the three members of the Little Entente have been indulging in the same sort of activity. A whole network of treaties binds them to stand by one another in case of war.

That this situation should have grown up in Europe shows with how little faith the nations regard the League at the present time. It is a fair summary of their attitude to say that they find it, on the whole, useful but not indispensable. If it did not exist, it would have to be invented; but as a convenience, not as a necessity. For the first few years after the War, it was the Council of Ambassadors, or the Premiers of the chief Allied countries, who took all the vitally necessary international actions. No problem was referred to the League until every other means of settling it had been tried in vain. Today this is still true, except that now the task of making vital decisions behind the League's back is once again in the hands of the foreign ministers as it was before 1914.

Aside from this important fact, what developments have taken place in relation to the League? As we look back over the years, one of the most striking alterations is the fact that the idea of a League with teeth has now gone by the boards. The concept has swung from the international policeman with his club to the international referee, whose decisions are valid only as the disputants have agreed in advance to accept them. Whatever else happens, the League is not to be a sueprstate. It is to be a continuing convention of the nations exercising no coercion other than that implied in economic boycotts (which is, of course, serious enough). There is also a strong drift of public opinion toward the creation of three or four subleagues or regional associations, each of which would be supreme in its own territory and would coöperate with the others only when necessity arose. This proposal is gathering strength as the conviction increases that the world is too large to form a single administrative unit, and that most of the really urgent problems are between neighbors and can best be settled by a convocation of the neighborhood.

The finest achievements of the League up to date have not been in the field of international politics but have been humanitarian, social and scientific. The repatriation of war refugees, the work of the Labor office, the attack on the opium question, the fight against slavery, the work of the committee on intellectual coöperation—these are activities which no one can fail to applaud. Some of them, to be sure, were being carried on by other agencies before the League came into existence; but even these are being done better and on a wider scale.

One should add that there are some other minor activities of the League which cannot be regarded with much satisfaction even by its most loyal supporters. The government of the Saar and much of the work of the Mandates Commission are examples of activities which can only be excused on the ground that if the League did not do them they would be even worse done by someone else.

As we have said, the blow to the League's prestige if Germany is not admitted this month will be a heavy one; but conversely, if Germany is admitted the League should then take a long step forward. It is increasingly clear that the creation of an alternative to war, and a better system for guaranteeing national security than armaments, are

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the sine qua non. Until these vital tasks are accomplished, nothing else greatly matters. For the reasons already suggested, the League has in the past failed to provide any adequate machinery for these purposes. The Locarno agreements, however, furnish at least the beginning of such a system. Upon that foundation, if it proves to be a durable one, much more can be done by and through the League than has heretofore been possible. It can attack the problem of limiting armament, which, as the history of this year's preliminary conference shows, is in the present stage of development an impossible one. It can even go on to such ultimately inescapable though enormously difficult matters as allocating the world supply of raw materials and alloting the world markets, which are the cause of so much international antagonism and rivalry.

The League has been enormously handicapped for six years past because the nations which have been its chiefs members have never really believed in it or been willing to yield to it the ultimate authority. They do not believe in it; but they are coming to believe in something else, exemplified in the Locarno agreements; and this something else will create the necessary windbreak in the shelter of which the Geneva organization can grow. In the past we have had half a League; in the future—depending on the developments of this month—we are likely to have much less, or much more.

American Tourist and European Immigrant

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S lesson in etiquette to American tourists has called forth an amount of comment in the European press which compares favorably with that excited by another famous injunction of an American President to his people, to be neutral in thought, word and deed. It is to be hoped that it will bear better fruit in practice. It may be admitted at the outset that the instances cited in the press to show the growing disfavor with which transient Americans are received on the continent are for the most part non-existent or highly exaggerated. Nevertheless it would be vain to deny that the American tourist in Europe, like the European immigrant to America, is assuming the status of an international question.

There is a parallel between the two subjects which it may be profitable for Americans to consider. Both have become serious with growth in numbers. So long as the immigrants from Europe bore a reasonable ratio to the resources of the United States for assimilating them, economically and culturally, their movement was encouraged as a national blessing. When that ratio was exceeded, this country resorted to restriction. It may be safely asserted that American tourism in certain quarters of Europe begins to exceed the capacity of the countries for accepting it without changes in standards and habits which bring discomfort to the native population. The economic benefit which accrues to certain classes which cater to foreigners, or to the country as a whole, cannot be expected to determine the attitude of the mass of people who are compelled to witness and put up with an incursion of foreign faces, language, behavior, interests. The parallel may be carried further. Undoubtedly the steamship companies exacerbated the immigration problem by stimulating the traffic in human cargoes. They are performing the same operation with respect to tourism. The adaptation of the steerage, by which the space formerly used to transport immigrants is now given over to tourists, accounts at present for only a small proportion of American travel, but the possibilities of extension are not remote. Foreign travel as a means of culture and expansion of life is highly to be commended in the abstract. So is music. But music by virtue of the radio and the victrola may become an intolerable nuisance. It may be questioned whether the tourist steerage will not be classed with the radio, the victrola and the screen as part of the dangerous machinery of democracy.

Again, the status of the American tourist like that of the European immigrant, has been altered by a change in quality. When the immigrant was not markedly different in race and culture from the original settlers of the country he was welcomed with cordiality. So with the American who in the old days made the grand tour. He was of the class which had retained much of the traditional culture of Europe: he went abroad to strengthen and brighten that tradition. He made it an object to speak the language and drink the wine of the country. The last thing he wanted was to find in Europe a replica of the civilization which he had happily left behind. Such a traveler is no longer typical. He is lost in the mass, and the mass is not an edifying spectacle.

The present American tourist has certain peculiarities which make him a burden to himself, a nuisance to his hosts and a danger to the peace of the world. In the first place, he goes to Europe with the distinct reservation that Europe shall take care of him. An American in Europe is almost as privileged a person as a European in China. He retains his own language and his own plumbing, and he recovers his own drinks. He remains a class apart. He does not have to accept European conditions of residence and travel, and if the American conditions which he demands are not fully met, he howls. Strangely enough, the more recent his extraction from Europe the more blatant his protests. During the War we used to hear a certain formula which set at rest a multitude of perplexing questions: "What's good enough for the Allies is good enough for us." It has disappeared along

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with the rest of the ideology of the War. We now tread the soil of the Allied as of the enemy countries with the claims of superior beings. The popularity of the late hostile countries among tourists is possibly owing to the greater promptness with which these claims are recognized. Ignorant of European conditions the American retains to the full his traditional distrust. He has had plenty of reason in the past, heaven knows, to remember caveat emptor; but in France, at the present rate of exchange, it is almost unthinkable for any except the dealers in grande luxe to cheat an American who buys francs with dollars. And yet with the franc at two and a half cents the spectacle of an American wrangling with a cab driver about an overcharge of fifty centimes is frequent in Paris; and the other day an athletic hero knocked his driver down for claiming his supplement of three francs for going outside the fortifications. (No arrests.) Opposed to the American school teacher to whom a sou is always a sou, and a franc 19 cents, is the American bootlegger who pastes five-franc notes on his valise. The very fact of fluctuating exchange is an intellectual difficulty which some Americans decline to master, and once they have received forty-eight francs for a dollar, anything less seems robbery. And those who have mastered the mystery take too often an obvious and noisy delight in successful speculation—which has come to be an incident of European travel as important as finding the American bar or getting letters from home.

There is another cause of the prevailing dissaffection toward Americans abroad of which we should do well to take account. It is the treatment meted out to Europeans in the United States. President Coolidge reminded his countrymen that European governments were not involved in the incidents by which American tourists feel themselves aggrieved. Can he say as much for his own government? To put it plainly, Europeans of all classes seeking entrance to the United States have suffered ignominious and cruel treatment from American officials, from the Secretary of State down to the guards of Ellis Island. As the result of our immigration laws and the administration of them, thousands of Europeans have been the victims of tragedies such as Americans weep over in Evangeline. The records of the Immigrant Protective Association are full of such cases. Of course, these Europeans are emigrants of the lower classes, but their stories have gone forth among their families and villages, and it is precisely among members of this class that instances of discourtesy toward Americans occur which loom so large in the correspondence columns of American newspapers abroad. Even now our active patriots are trying to pass a bill calling for the registration and recording of aliens by fingerprints, to prolong the period and multiply the opportunities of official cruelty and blackmail. The advocates of such measures will be the first to resent the additional evidences of ill-will toward American tourists in Europe which such a measure will inevitably bring forth.

After all, we may wonder that the incidents of xenophobia directed toward American tourists have been thus far so few and so mild. Even in Paris, there has been little of a public nature beyond the occasional booing of a wagonload of sightseers. Even the personal stories of ill-will make little showing against the general attitude of courtesy. It would be a mistake, however, to conclude that the American is still welcomed for his own sake as in former days. For the present he can buy his way, and this consciousness makes him more unbearably overbearing. But one of the motive forces tending to draw Europe together is, and increasingly will be, distrust of the financial hegemony of the United States; and the independence of Europe may be fittingly symbolized by putting up the bars against the American mass tourists. And if the increased resort of Americans to Europe continues to result in increased friction, misunderstanding and mutual dislike we shall have to admit that such measures of American exclusion, galling as they may be to our sense of superiority, are in the interests of peace.

Decline of Hearst

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST has just achieved one of the most extraordinary accomplishments of his journalistic career. Through his New York Daily Mirror, a tabloid picture paper, he has literally forced the reluctant New Jersey authorities to reopen the famous Hall-Mills case which seemed likely to go down in history as the most notorious unsolved murder mystery in American annals. A Hearst employe worked six months to uncover the new evidence. Another Hearst employe laid this material before the authorities and compelled them to take the new legal steps which may result in the conviction of the person or persons guilty of the crime. When you remember that all this has been achieved not only by a single journalistic organization, but in a state where that organization does not publish any paper, the demonstration of the "power of the press" becomes all the more impressive.

This is perhaps a moment, therefore, in which it becomes possible to observe, without being accused of malice, that Mr. Hearst's star is undoubtedly waning. As a fighting newspaper machine, his organization is on the decline. It does not follow, we hasten to add, that his papers are likely to have any less circulation in the future, or to be any less valuable as advertising media. It is perfectly possible and not inconsistent with our statement that they should circulate more widely, and prove more remunerative to advertisers. But the Hearst newspapers no longer have anything like the significance they had in American life a generation ago. Some-

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one else is playing the rôle which William Randolph then assumed.

The period when Hearst was at the maximum of his political power and journalistic influence must be reckoned as having been at least twenty years ago. It was in 1905 that he ran for Mayor of New York, and in 1906 for Governor. The strength he displayed in these campaigns (and it was considerable, despite the fact that he was defeated) was wholly a byproduct of his newspaper power. He was not personally popular, and was an exceptionally bad campaigner; but his hold on the readers of his papers made him a formidable contender. The same decade, 1900 to 1910, was that of his greatest influence on American journalism. The chief power for good or evil of a newspaper proprietor is not exercised directly. The influence of any newspaper is after all confined to the city in which it is published, and even the most extensive chain of journals reaches no more than thirty of our thousands of communities. The greatest strength of any publisher lies in his influence on other men in the business; and thereby it is possible for one individual to have an appreciable effect upon the character of the whole country's journalism. Such an effect Hearst was having a generation ago—one which most independent commentators described as having been for the worse. The new ideas which during and after the Spanish War were developed by Hearst, Brisbane and Pulitzer spread like smallpox—or like yellow fever—across the land. Editors everywhere were using huge "banner" headlines and one-syllable editorials in large type, were giving new emphasis and extra space to vice and crime stories, were plastering their pages with pictures of pretty girls. To be sure, this epidemic like most others wore itself out, but it left permanent traces. Even the journals which recovered were thereafter pockmarked. And in the meantime, for almost two decades before America entered the Great War, Hearst's name had more influence than any other among American publishers and editors.

Today this is no longer true. The newspaper man of 1926 looks elsewhere for his most dangerous competition as well as for the new tricks of the trade which he will probably be forced to adopt. Mainly he looks to the tabloid picture papers, of which the New York Daily News, owned by the Chicago Tribune, is the chief exemplar. Today the News occupies the position which Mr. Hearst's New York Evening Journal held a generation ago. It has achieved a business success more startling than anything Hearst ever accomplished, having attained in half a decade the largest circulation in the United States, a million a day. It has done so as a morning paper, although all the experts have long said that the trend is now toward the afternoon field. The News, consequently, is imitated outright in a number of cities; and its influence is felt in hundreds of other newspapers which doubtless do not admit even to themselves that they are taking a leaf from the book of the "terrible tabloid." Among these imitators is Mr. Hearst himself, who started his New York Daily Mirror after the Daily News had demonstrated its appeal. This very fact is sufficient demonstration that he has lost his position of moral supremacy among the makers of journals for the masses. Twenty years ago he would have been the imitated, not the imitator. Now, his Daily Mirror is so remarkably like the Daily News that a hasty purchaser who did not stop to read the title line might easily buy one for the other.

Further testimony that Hearst no longer sets the pace journalistically is shown by the recent history of his magazines. Hearst's International proved an expensive experiment which, presumably from motives of economy, was merged with Cosmopolitan not long ago. With each issue the combined journal takes on more of the characteristics of the American Magazine, with its emphasis on personal stories of successful people—except that the Cosmopolitan does not so invariably assume as does the American that monetary success is the only interesting sort. Mr. Hearst's other magazine ventures in the past year or two have all shown unmistakable signs of being influenced by the huge success of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden and his "confessional" journals.

What of Mr. Hearst's influence upon the army of readers of his newspapers? As to this it is difficult to speak with authority, but there are signs here, also, that his influence is less than it used to be. In New York City, where his two chief papers are, Mr. Hearst's candidate was overwhelmingly defeated in the last municipal election. He himself has not sought public office for a long time, and despite his wealth and his machinery for publicity it is hard to imagine his doing so again—which is another sign of the way things are moving.

No doubt a Hearst partisan could search through the files of twenty years ago and compile an impressive list of measures which his paper advocated and have now become law. But a similar list could be made of things he wanted which have fallen by the wayside. He has been best known perhaps for his international policies of hostility to England, Mexico and Japan. In the past ten years the United States has fought a war in alliance with England, has over and over refused to intervene in Mexico and has signed the Four-Power Treaty with Japan agreeing to amicable discussion of any conflict of interest in the Pacific. He conducted a bitter fight against American adherence to the World Court: America adhered. He has opposed our having anything to do with the League of Nations: and we are having more and more to do with it every year, until our representatives on the various committees and commissions at Geneva are more numerous than those of all but one or two of the member nations. He warns against reduc-

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tion of our army and navy, while steadily the peaceable spirit of the country (plus the impulse toward economy) pushes in the other direction. He cries out against investment of American capital abroad: and the golden flood moving from our shores in all directions grows ever greater.

In the field of domestic affairs it would only be natural if Hearst's strength had also waned. He first obtained his hold upon his readers through his advocacy of sharply progressive proposals. He was opposed to Wall Street, was in favor of the rights of the common man, and this creed found expression in dozens of policies roughly analogous to those of the La Follette movement of 1924. Today his papers still mouth the same phrases, but only in the most general terms. It is almost impossible to find any specific issue supported by the Hearst press which by any stretch of the imagination could be called radical. In the important field of taxation, for example, Mr. Hearst's chief idea in recent years has been an acceptance of the sales tax, which is a highly ingenious scheme for placing an unfairly large share of the burden of taxation on the shoulders of the consumer. Typical of his alteration is the fulsome adoration of President Coolidge and all his ways, although there can be few who do not know that the present is a rich man's administration in excelsis. Certainly W. R. H. is not among the super-unsophisticates who are ignorant of that fact.

Neither is Mr. Arthur Brisbane, Hearst's chief editor, and the author of a daily column of fabulously wide circulation. Mr. Brisbane, having made a fortune of several million dollars in New York City real estate, now has a point of view not essentially different from that of the bankers and other wealthy investors whom he quotes so admiringly. He, also, admires Mr. Coolidge; and in his daily writings, mixed with the encylopœdic facts of biology and history, many of which are true, you will rarely find anything to which any good orthodox multi-millionaire can take exception, and much of which he will heartily approve.

For a long time the Hearst newspapers have carried every day on the editorial page a list of reforms to which they are pledged. Look at that list today in any Hearst city and you will find that for the most part it consists of innocuous local proposals as to which the fighting editor is only one jump ahead of the Chamber of Commerce. The New York American, for instance, demands: improved transit service, better roads, more and better schools, an "all-American ship canal from lakes to ocean" and "revision of state and local taxation toward equity and economy." We leave it to our readers whether this list, as the fighting platform of a crusading journalist, is not simply pathetic.

To be sure, Mr. Hearst's progressivism was never, even at its best, a particularly vigorous plant. Even then it was marked by strange gaps and inconsistencies. He could denounce in scathing terms machine politics and politicians—when the latter chose to oppose W. R.; but he could and would work hand in glove with the machine, if it would consent to play his game. Even so, there was for a long time a considerable degree of reality in his pretensions of progressivism; and any examination of Hearst journalism at present will show that this reality is at least greatly diminished. In another man, this alteration could be attributed to increasing wealth; but Hearst was born rich and has never suffered a day's real anxiety over money matters in his life. There is no evidence that he is greedy for wealth as such, or is influenced particularly by it. A more plausible explanation lies in the fact of advancing age, which to all save the thousandth man brings increasing timidity and conservatism. Mr. Hearst is sixty-three; and it would perhaps be asking too much to demand of him that he retain the point of view of the Spanish War days, now almost three decades ago.

Still another fact about him which must be taken into account was pointed out some time ago by Robert L. Duffus in a thoughtful biographical sketch. Hearst is essentially a disappointed and defeated man. All his life he has sought power, but he has never known what to do with it when he got it. His record suggests that nothing he has ever accomplished has satisfied him. Like so many other "successful" Americans he is restless, seeking something he never finds and probably could not describe even to himself. From such a viewpoint progressive editorial policies might easily be thrown aside as soon as it became apparent that they did not afford the magic talisman—whatever that is. A visitor from another planet might perhaps marvel at a social system which permits such vast potential power for good or evil as the ownership of a score of newspapers and magazines to rest, without safeguard of any sort, in such hands; but to our citizens this sort of recklessness is an old story. We accept it philosophically; perhaps if we are exceptionally conscientious we thank Heaven that Mr. Hearst's last phase is not more undesirable than it is, from the point of view of the community's welfare.

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Can Poincaré Save the Franc?

CONSIDER Poincaré and the franc. When Poincaré succeeded in forming his latest cabinet with Briand, Herriot and its other distinguished members he had before him a perplexing situation. Two and a half years earlier in Germany the mark had fallen so low and prices had risen so high that the task though terrific was actually simpler than the one in France today. Then the German holders of bonds and mortgages realized that their values had been completely wiped out and were ready to accept the inevitable. As yet the French rentiers are hoping for a rise in the franc and by their resistance are adding to the difficulties of stabilization.

Poincaré is facing a series of vicious circles. There is week by week a government deficit to be met. Since the public debt is already huge he finds it hard to borrow funds in the open market and turns to the Bank of France for advances. These are secured through additional note issues which raise the price level still higher. Cost of materials, wages, salaries and pensions go up correspondingly which creates a further deficit, necessitating still more borrowing and still higher prices. It has been pointed out by some that the larger part of the public expenditures, i.e. the debt charges, are fixed and do not become larger with a higher price level. But the holders of the short term obligations constantly falling due are apt to refuse new issues if government borrowing is increasing. Their refusal means still more advances from the Bank.

Notice the fall of the franc abroad. So long as this continues French importers must pay higher and higher prices (in francs) for their purchases. They must accordingly sell their goods for more and more in France to avoid losses. The general price level in France is thus pushed higher and business men have to borrow larger and larger amounts from their banks. These banks in turn discount more and more bills at the Bank of France which must issue more notes in response to the demand. These new issues help raise prices still more, lessening confidence in the franc at home and abroad. The franc falls still lower in the world's markets and we start on another journey around the circle.

These vicious circles are hard to break. An attack at any one place in the circle is futile. A possible procedure would be to prohibit further note issues. This was the German method with the Rentenbank whose note issues were rigidly limited and this limit adhered to in spite of terrific pressure from all sides. But this policy puts the brakes on business and precipitates a crisis with its bankruptcies and unemployment. As business slows down tax receipts decline, particularly in a country such as France which relies so heavily on indirect taxes. The budget deficit grows. Securities, including government issues, fall in value and renewals become more difficult, placing still more strain on the Treasury.

One fact at least is now recognized. The franc cannot return to its old level of nineteen cents and the debate is over the level at which it is to be stabilized. Devaluation below the old par is now a respectable, in fact an official, doctrine. Holders of obligations payable in francs, both government and private, are to lose. The amount of the sacrifice remains to be settled. Very few are ready to accept as much of a loss as would have to be taken if real stabilization were achieved now. The longer the debate continues the lower must be the level finally decided upon.

This suggests the sine qua non. Public opinion must be developed to a point where losses will be courageously accepted. So long as large numbers of rentiers are unwilling to acquiesce in the sacrifice little can be done. To argue that nothing but political rivalries and jealousies prevents the adoption of a vigorous policy is to overlook the economic basis on which the political parties rest. Public opinion is roused in France but there is nothing in the news to indicate that it is sufficiently so. Until it is the problem will grow worse rather than better. Poincaré cannot stop the avalanche.

Notice his limitations. Ultimately the franc must be stabilized abroad to check the rise of prices at home. One way to do this is to borrow funds with which to support it. But the American market is closed until the debt agreement is ratified and perhaps the British market is also closed. Poincaré has announced his hostility to the Mellon-Berenger agreement and will find it hard to press its ratification. Borrowing abroad is temporarily at least impossible.

He proposes instead to balance the budget. This cannot be done by large reductions in expenditures as most of the outlay is for debt charges which cannot be reduced without repudiation. Many other expenditures must be increased rather than lowered because prices are rising. His chief reliance must be on increased taxes.

These may be direct or indirect. But direct taxes on property and income have a double weakness especially in the present emergency. One is the long delay in collecting them. Receipts would be too slow. The other is the tendency to evasion through the flight from the franc. This movement would depress the franc still more abroad and react in a higher price level at home.

Indirect taxes of various kinds look better. Returns are prompt and they are not easily evaded. Flight from the franc will not be encouraged. Ac-

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cordingly there are taxes on wine, on railway tickets, on freight, on luxury travel, on automobiles and business sales. The turnover tax is to be altered to 2 percent. But many of these taxes will be passed on as rapidly and as fully as possible in higher prices. This will promptly be reflected in a demand on the banks for more money and they will turn to the Bank of France for further accommodation. High taxes need not result finally in a generally higher price level unless under this pressure the Bank issues more notes. If it does, inflation continues and nothing has been accomplished. If it does not, the business crisis is on. When the crisis starts, bankruptcies begin and sales diminish. These various sources of revenue dry up, particularly since they are indirect taxes and depend so closely on the volume of business. Neither direct nor indirect taxes can solve the problem.

But Poincaré has taken other steps. One is to create a sinking fund, provisions for which have been incorporated in the Constitution. But a sinking fund is meaningless so long as the budget is not really balanced. Funds may be accumulated but if they do not come from a real surplus of receipts over expenditures the fund is no evidence of a stronger position.

J. M. Keynes has argued that the internal depreciation of the franc is not yet so great as its external depreciation. It is said that the franc should be stabilized abroad and the price level in France allowed to rise until the external and internal values correspond. This rise in prices means large losses to many groups and a serious social strain but it is in any case inevitable. Assure stabilization abroad by use of the gold of the Bank of France; as prices rise the debt burden becomes lighter, government deficits will diminish and stability can be secured. Others, among them H. G. Moulton, have advocated a forced reduction in the interest rate on the internal debt. Both these plans, it will be noticed, are proposals for a disguised repudiation. Both are a recognition that the obligations of the government can never be kept in spirit and that the bondholders and general public must take heavy losses.

Their difficulty lies in the improbability that such important decisions can be made and carried out at so critical a time. The French are stirred but they are not ready to sacrifice a half of their anticipated returns on government bonds. Instead they will doubtless go on hoping that in some way a little can be saved from the wreck. The reserves of the Bank of France (which Keynes argues could be used to support the franc) seem large but experience with the famous Morgan loan shows that tremendous sums can be lost in the attempt to check the fall of the exchanges.

Suggested remedies have the merit of showing a mathematical balance but all of them depend on the essential already mentioned. The public must deliberately decide to accept its losses—if not voluntarily, then under the compulsion of some group strong enough to enforce its will. The passage of new tax measures and the adoption of a sinking fund amendment to the Constitution are by no means conclusive proof that this stage has yet been reached. The real test is still to come.

There are two aspects of it to watch. One is the public temper as prices rise. They have been mounting ever since 1921 but recently at an accelerated rate, the gains in July being from 754 to 856 or 102 points. With the new indirect taxes this rate of increase will probably be still faster. How the French will conduct themselves remains to be seen.

The other test is in the attitude of the Bank of France and of the government toward inflation. For years one administration after another has denounced inflation and pledged itself not to resort to more note issues. Yet each of them has yielded. Will the Poincaré régime do better? Is it strong enough to resist the pressure and to precipitate the crisis which resistance will bring?

A partial answer can be found in its recent record. There was a short time ago a balance of some $30,000,000 left from the Morgan loan. It has been placed at the disposal of the government, adding perhaps a billion and a half francs to the possible advances of the Bank to the State—more inflation. This supply is already nearly gone. The latest proposal is for the Bank of France to acquire foreign currencies and against this supply issue more notes, this extra issue to be outside the present legal limit of 58,500,000,000 francs—a limit that has almost been reached. More inflation.

Can or will the government and the Bank resist the additional pressure that is rushing on them as prices rise still more? It seems doubtful.

A word should be said about foreign credits. By themselves such credits are futile. Unless used to support the franc abroad while the most energetic measures are taken at home nothing will be accomplished. Yet there are difficulties on both sides of the ocean about securing these credits. Washington objects until the Mellon-Berenger agreement is ratified. The French might accept the agreement in order to secure the desired loans were it not for the misgivings so vividly described by Mr. Huddleston in a recent issue of the New Republic.

Ratifying the agreement and floating new loans would not solve the problem. Until rentiers are willing to take their losses and an agreement reached on the method of doing so; and until the government and the Bank of France can agree to stop inflation and to face the business crisis that would follow, nothing effective can be done.

ERNEST MINOR PATTERSON.

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Eliot at Harvard: the Middle Years

IN 1889 President Eliot had been at Harvard for twenty years, and the turning point in the long road had been reached. The fruits of his policy were beginning to appear. The elective system had come to seem the natural order of things. The growth of the schools of law and medicine had shifted the emphasis from Harvard College to Harvard University, and the graduate school was beginning to count in the same direction. In spite of the success of his administration the President was not popular within college walls or without. To the great middle class public, toward which his educational policies were directed, he was a suspicious character—a Unitarian, a free trader, a Democrat, the defender of Mormonism and other unsanctified causes. He had lately uttered some very plain truths about daily journalism, and certain Boston newspapers kept on his trail night and day. Within the university and among the alumni he was still on trial. He had won the faculty to his side in the matters of voluntary religious service and free election of studies: he proceeded to divide it again by the proposal of the three-year course. The alumni felt that this would be the last blow at the old college system and morale. And Harvard teams were being beaten regularly by Yale and Princeton.

When I went to Harvard in the fall of 1888, I cannot remember that I had ever heard a word in praise of President Eliot. On the contrary, I had a distinct impression that Harvard was getting along as well as could be expected under a president who could not be compared in character or ability with those sterling Christian gentlemen, Mark Hopkins of Williams, Julius H. Seelye of Amherst, or Timothy Dwight of Yale. My first view of the President was therefore an illumination. I strayed into Appleton chapel one morning to the service which we no longer had to attend, and saw him sitting in one of the side pews—and no words of mine can convey the sense of eminence and what I then and always thought of as nobility which that erect form and calm, strong face conveyed. He sat there in his place every morning. After chapel he walked, always alone, across the campus to his office in University Hall. I think such undergraduates as ever caught a glimpse of the President felt as I did. We trusted him against all the cavil of the world; but he was a figure incredibly removed from us, austere and splendid, always alone. That was before the days when Harvard men sang A Health to King Charles.

The first time I heard President Eliot speak was at a meeting of the college in Sever 11 to receive the gift of the new athletic field—the Soldiers' Field—which Major Henry L. Higginson had given in memory of six men who had died in the Civil War. His speech was of a kind of eloquence such as few of us had ever heard, literal, precise, restrained—but we knew that these men had been his friends.

I may be wrong, but I think that up to that time the President had not often addressed the college. This occasion broke the ice, and after that he seemed to enjoy meeting his constituents. The next year he proposed to end the practice of the rush on Bloody Monday Night, when sophomores and freshmen used to maul each other about the campus, by addressing the older class on its responsibilities. Eliot rarely made a verbal slip, so that when he incautiously announced that the freshmen should be taken in there was more laughter than such a mild break would usually cause. And after a second of surprise he grinned back genially at his audience, and that did still more to break the ice.

The President had his blind side and somewhere on that side were intercollegiate athletics. He had been an oarsman in college, and had rowed in the boat that first met Yale on Lake Winnipisaukee. Rowing he thought the best of team sports because it was a clear straightaway trial of strength and skill. Baseball he looked at with suspicion because of its encouragement of the reprehensible habit of stealing bases. Dean Briggs told me that the President came to him one day with the light of triumph in his eye and a newspaper in his hand. "You tell me that it is a clean sport," he exclaimed, "and here it says that he *pretended* to throw to second and caught the man off third." Football was prohibited at Harvard for a time, and when it was resumed the teams had no tradition of training and coaching and were easily beaten. At last in the fall of 1890 we beat Yale at Springfield—12 to 6. It was an occasion for which we had no guiding precedent, and in a fumbling, self-conscious way we got the self-conscious team on top of a coach and with a dim sense that it was the proper thing to do dragged it to the front of the President's house and called him out. He came and said a few words of congratulation. "But," he added, "the finest thing about the game was the way the Yale men rallied at the end." If he had been at Springfield, and had waited through those agonizing last minutes for the whistle to sound before Yale should tie the score he would scarcely have felicitated our battered warriors on their opponents' prowess.

Of the President's gift of saying the wrong thing in the happiest way there used to be many tales. One such occasion I remember, the Phi Beta Kappa dinner when Professor Goodwin, the president of the society, in his magnificent Corinthian manner spoke admiringly of the perfect Latin in which Eliot had conducted the commencement exercises

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the day before. The President replied that they ought to have been in English. In this habit of speaking his mind he met his match when Matthew Arnold visited him. From a reading of Literature and Dogma Doctor Eliot assumed that the Unitarian church would be acceptable as a place of worship, but Matthew Arnold preferred the Anglican—"the only church for a gentleman."

Undoubtedly President Eliot's austerity of manner and his honesty of speech gave rise to the notion current in those days that he was hard and cold, absorbed in his own plans, unsympathetic to others. It needed but a touch, however, to show him as completely human. My first meeting with him was on the occasion of the founding of a society of undergraduates for religious discussion, in contrast to the Y. M. C. A. which made evangelical belief a condition of membership. We felt that so momentous an enterprise demanded sanction in the highest quarters, and I was deputed to see the President. Chapel was the obvious place to find him, but I had never seen anyone join him in his stately march across the campus, and so I dogged his steps until he reached University, and then put myself forward. He swept me into his office and I began to tell him why I was there. Suddenly it came to me that he liked to be consulted about such matters, that he was actually pleased that I had come. He went into the subject with perfect seriousness and much detail. Even when I stated the fear that was in our young minds that we might contribute to the ill fame of Harvard as a hotbed of infidelity he did not smile. "They say so much against us anyway that a little more won't make any difference," he said kindly. I remember another interview some years later when my budding career was to me the most important matter in the world, and with commencement on his hands I suppose the President had other things to think of. There was no sign of this, however, until I had said everything I could and he had taken everything up, thoroughly and earnestly. I was through and sat in silence, utterly in doubt. He sat, in no doubt at all, but equally silent. I have often wondered since how many precious minutes that silence continued. At last I heard a low, very gentle, very patient sigh. I jumped up and tried to thank him for his kindness, but he waved that aside. "Come in tomorrow when you've thought it over further," he said. Another interview I recall vividly. Eliot had been asked to send an instructor to a school closely connected with Princeton, and picked me for the forlorn hope. I wanted to please him and accepted, and after a night of reflection declined. I saw that he felt that I had let him down badly, both in the deed and in the manner of it, but he considered only the latter. "It was—permissible," he said at last, and I felt that he had handed me a pass mark with charity.

I always felt that a scrupulous sense of responsibility was one reason for the attitude on Eliot's part that was characterized as distant, unsympathetic. He must have been conscious of his power over men, especially over young men, to make them do what he wanted, but he honorably forbore to exercise it. He believed in individuality and respected it too thoroughly to impose his own personality on others. No one dreamed in those days of imitating Eliot, in thought or manner or speech. In any case he was too much in the grand style to be an easy model. There were tales about his bullying his faculty, but I doubt them. He believed in decisions arrived at by discussion, in letting reason have its sway. Theoretically, he disliked authority. He would have opposed schemes of student self-government had they been in fashion then, because he preferred as little government as possible. This belief in individualism was responsible for the extreme development of the elective system under which we experimented widely in the intellectual life. It was reflected in the undervaluing of the training involved in team play; and it probably had something to do with the prevalence of a disease of which we heard much from Theodore Roosevelt and other recent graduates—that Harvard indifference, of which the symptoms were a disposition to go your own way and do the things you liked without much interest in playing the game that others wanted to win—for Harvard's sake or Christ's. Of course it was all wrong by modern standards, yet as I see that time through a glamorous mist of years it seems to me that such unhappiness as we had was caught from Matthew Arnold's poems and could be relieved by Omar Khayyam. On the whole, men got what they went out for if they cared enough, and I never knew a Harvard man to commit suicide because he failed to make the Porcellian or even the Pudding.

This laissez-faire in regard to college government, studies and activities seems old-fashioned. Indeed it was part of the old Liberalism of the nineteenth century of which President Eliot was a conspicuous example. The same habit of mind can be seen in his attitude toward the labor movement. He could not accept collective bargaining as a principle when it implied the control by an organization of the individual's right to labor. This attitude has done President Eliot as much disservice with Liberals of the present day as his advocacy of free trade and civil service reform did with the conservatives of the past. His disapproval of labor policy, however, never dulled his interest and sympathy with the worker as such. He was too clear-minded to let a difference of opinion run into a prejudice. Probably no system of government ever devised by man was more objectionable to him than Communism, but to the last he was deeply concerned in plans for helping the Russian people. I am glad to remember that my last word from him was a cordial response to an invitation to serve on a national committee for the relief of the Russian famine.

R. M. L.

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Free Auto Camp Ground

IT is less than a block from the court house, an area of wooded ground beside the river. Three years ago, when the town council met and made the momentous decision, it was a pasture. In the fall, children gathered blackberries from the tangle of vines among the willows and about the bases of the cottonwoods. The city of Manton leased the property for five years, at an annual rental of $75, and there were those who said the town fathers had made a bad bargain. They were wrong; it was the sort of investment buyers of oil stock hope they are making when they persuade the salesmen to let them in on the "ground floor." Any merchant will tell you that it was the best thing the town ever did. Let us see why.

Manton has a population of less than fifteen hundred. On a certain recent summer night, the free camp ground, by actual count, provided accommodations for more than two thousand tourists. Throughout the four summer months of last year there were hardly a dozen nights when the transient population camped along the riverbank did not equal, or nearly equal, the number of permanent residents. Something had happened to the town which no one, a decade ago, could have foreseen: it had gone into the tourist business. Without unusual natural attractions, without present or historical importance, without waterfalls, or caves, or mineral springs, it had become a tourist centre.

It became a tourist centre through the accident of location. Such things are far from unusual. In the old days, quiet towns on canal or river or overland stage line were jarred to renewed life by sudden increase in traffic, and everyone west of the Mississippi remembers what the coming of a railroad has meant to hundreds of struggling villages. It has been a common phase of America's growth, this spectacle of towns taking their sustenance and waxing fat from the arteries of trade. Manton and its free auto camp ground are part of a new chapter to an old story. The source of its prosperity is not canal or railroad or stage line. It is a state highway, a twenty-two foot ribbon of concrete, that winds with the sinuous grace of a serpent out of the low hills from the south, crosses the river bridge to the centre of town, turns to the right at the court house, and fades away, like the diminishing flight of an arrow, straight up the centre of the valley.

At the court house corner, the metal emblems of two transcontinental highways point the way for the moving lines of tourists. During the summer months one can stand at this corner and in an hour count the license plates of thirty states. But the mere fact of its presence on the heavily traveled state highway is not responsible for Manton's altered economic life; within fifty miles to the north and south the concrete bisects a dozen other towns and villages, and beyond the mutiplication of refreshment stands and gasoline pumps, these have undergone no changes since America began driving past their doors. They are on the main line, to be sure, but it is their misfortune to be way stations, and it is division points only that the automobile tourists transform.

Manton, without attractions of its own, is a tourist centre because it is midway between two authentic tourist centres. A hundred and fifty miles to the north is a famous national park; almost the same distance to the south is one of the best advertised cities in the world. From May to November the license plates of America flicker past in unending double streams, one headed from the city to the park, the other, the park "done," straining ahead toward the city. In either case, the tourist is likely to have been seven hours on the road when he approaches Manton. He has not started until the sun was well up, and he has stopped for lunch on the way. It is past the middle of the afternoon when he sees the first of the signs the town fathers have installed along the highway for miles on both sides of Manton. *Municipal Free Auto Camp. Free Water. Free Lights.* As he continues, the signs grow more frequent, cunningly reveal attractions hitherto unmentioned. *Free Shower Baths. Social Hall.* The sun's approach to the horizon adds its persuasion; the tourist eases his foot from the accelerator as he drives into Manton. If the camp ground is not too awful; if it is not another barren field, swept by dust-clouds. . . .

A single glance at the tall cottonwoods, the green fences, convinces him. He holds out his hand to warn the car behind, swings off the concrete, down the incline, through the hospitable, wide-open gate. A quarter of an hour later the white smoke of another campfire is curling through the dusk toward the spreading branches of the cottonwoods. Thus informally, Manton becomes host for the night to a family from Pennsylvania, or Maine, or Georgia, or Kansas, or from nearby Oregon or Arizona.

Manton's attitude toward its guests is a curious one. Having gone to no little trouble and some expense to induce the automobile tourist to stop, the town leaves him strictly alone. Manton's welcome is official, a community greeting. It is seldom supplemented by individual friendliness, even by curiosity. Not one Manton citizen in ten visits this transient, gipsy community by the river from one season's end to the other. It is not that he resents the transformation of his town, the constant presence of strange faces in stores and on the streets, for he mentions these with pride. He takes a satisfaction, individual as well as civic, in the fact that,

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having gone into the tourist business, Manton has done so successfully, that the free camp ground and the number of its patrons do not suffer by comparison with any town within a hundred miles. Though they do not fraternize with the tourists, the townspeople neglect no opportunity to preserve their goodwill. Tourists by automobile are like tourists in general. The auto camper buys as he goes, and Manton merchants, the grocers and butchers and bakers, the restaurant keepers and dealers in automobile supplies, and to a lesser extent a half dozen others, depend on them for a constant and profitable market. Extra clerks are hired during the tourist season, stock moves from the shelves at an accelerated speed.

For six or seven months of the year Manton merchants supply the needs of the town and the surrounding country, the limited requirements of rural families who in general buy only what they cannot produce themselves. During the remaining months the stores are crowded with transients from the camp ground, who produce nothing and buy everything they need. The tonic effect of this trade penetrates into every part of the town's economic life. Each day the humming streams of traffic deposit a new market in the backwater of the auto camp, and directly or indirectly a large part of Manton sets to work supplying its needs. Farmers of the district find a dependable local market that did not exist a few years ago, and fruit and dairy products now are rarely shipped from Manton to city wholesalers. Like a thousand other towns from Maine to California, Manton by assuming the unfamiliar rôle of tourist centre has found its business life stimulated by new and vitalizing currents. It is still a bit confused by its new part, even on occasion a trifle resentful. But it has been learning its lines industriously, and there has been no talk of quitting. The salary is good and sure, and the show seems likely to have a long run.

What of the camp itself? To leave Manton's main street on a summer evening and pass through its gates is to pass—one must use the old phrase—from one world to another. One passes from the workaday world into the world of holiday, from the routine of the hotel serving room into the banquet hall itself.

The glow of many campfires lights the bases of the cottonwoods, and the air, the cool breath of the river in it, carries the scent of burning wood, of food crisping in the pans above the brick fireplaces. The darkness softens and subdues the scene and one passes down the long corridors beneath the trees with a sense of having left strict reality behind. But though the setting is a curiously fitting one for lightness and carefree good humor, one discovers that the holiday spirit is a restrained one. Through the streets of this city-for-a-night pass unhurried figures bound casually on definite errands of finding water hydrants, shower baths, the woodpile. One sees at once that these are not blundering, curious amateurs on a holiday; they are seasoned campers, accomplished and matter-of-fact, in fact, a little too finished in their routine.

The passage down one of the dim streets is like a journey between rows of closely built suburban cottages whose fronts have been removed, revealing the accelerated functioning of the domestic machinery as the dinner hour approaches. From the shadow, one may safely look on while a family, which an hour before was on the highway, finishes preparations for the evening meal. The rolls of baggage have been removed from running-board and rear luggage carrier and the equipment of a complete camp drawn magician-like from them. The khaki tent is stretched with creaseless tension on its umbrella pole, the thrown-back flap revealing blankets folded with precision on the camp cots. Blackened vessels simmer above the fire and the mellow aroma of coffee fills the air. A gray-haired woman, khaki-clad, presides casually over the scene. She leisurely sets the table, peers into one of the pots, stirs and tastes the contents of another, slices half a loaf of bread. One looks unsuccessfully for a holiday zest in her manner, for some evidence of her realization that she is not between the familiar walls of her kitchen. She is, perhaps, three thousand miles from home, in a town of which she had never heard, on the far rim of a continent she had never hoped to cross. One wishes she would not take the experience so calmly.

Her husband returns from the Manton stores, deposits paper bags and in the light of the gasoline lantern unfolds and studies a road map. Presently two sons appear with damp towels and dripping hair from the showers, and the steaming dishes are put on the table.

The husband speaks: "The book says the last thirty miles into Yosemite ain't paved."

"We'd better get an early start," answers his wife, decisively. "I don't want you driving after dark through them mountains."

The three males laugh at Ma's nervousness. The meal is finished; in a quarter of an hour the dishes are washed; in another fifteen minutes this unit of the camp is in darkness. It will be astir at six, by seven-thirty the group will be on the road again, Pa at the wheel, reading mileage on roadsigns and calculating time, Ma regarding from the tonneau a snowy peak of the Sierras, wondering meantime about her chickens.

It would not be safe to call this group typical of Manton's overnight guests, for a nation has taken to the highways and every type swings down through the gates of the camp ground. Ma and Pa may have had as neighbors for the night on one side a Princeton professor and his bride, on the other a group of migratory laborers from the Arizona mines, headed north toward the Puget Sound lumbering towns. For in this former cow pasture by the river, Manton is playing host to America.

OSCAR LEWIS.

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Babbitt, Jr.

I HAVE never set much store by infant prodigies. Still there have been times in the career of my eldest son—at five years, for instance, when he frequently preferred to sit in a group of grown-ups "discusting" things to romping with the other children, at six when for an interval he actually preferred Milton to Mother Goose—that I ventured to hope that he had missed the Babbitt strain, so inescapable for most of us whether we live in Tahiti, Paris or America.

Alas for my optimism! At seven, my first-born is just a conventional little boy with an overweening ambition to be exactly like his fellows.

This desire to be just like "the other guys" goes much deeper than a matter of outward appearance. Clothes, of course, play a part. But one can somehow cater to a demand for the kind of sweater or shoes or raincoat that the other fellows are wearing. Less easily can one accept the kind of haircut—the shaved-way-up-the-back-of-the-neck kind to which the motorman, the iceman and the neighbors' boys have given their cachet. But that, too, is possible.

It is only when all one's plans for one's child's education, plans that take into account the importance of freedom and initiative and spontaneity in their development of the individual, are exploded by no less a person than that individual himself, that one gets a decided jolt. For Babbitt, Jr., at seven, does not care a whoop about being individual. At seven months he may have discovered the world; at seven years he has discovered the ordered universe. He wants to sit in rows, to march with a group, to salute the flag with a company. Speaking out of turn, doing "this" when the others in the group are doing "that" he terms "kindergarten stuff." At seventeen he may revolt against the humdrum and monotony of a regulated existence, at seven he finds rules and regulations and an ordered routine a novel and wonderful game.

To be sure the desire to be one of the majority group does not preclude the wish to be superior whenever he can. The fact that we own neither an automobile nor a radio set keeps the position of Babbitt, Jr., fairly low so far as a show of material possessions goes. But his zeal to "beat" in a running race, to climb higher up the tree than his pals, to swim a few strokes farther, makes me tremble for fear that he is bound inevitably for the presidency of the Rotarians.

Long ago, in a moment of rash theorizing, I once said that my child would be brought up to compete not with others, but against himself. "So act that each tomorrow finds you one day further than today." But that, if it means anything at all to Babbitt, Jr., means simply dullness. To get farther than himself—that is a vague, abstract ideal, but to get farther than Tom, Dick and Harry—higher up the tree, farther in the water, ahead of them in running—there is something thrilling, pulsing, concrete.

Something concrete—it seems to be the supreme demand of childhood. That is why the religion of Babbitt, Jr.—and he is very religious—roots deep in Fundamentalism. My God is for him a vague, negative creature whom he can only dimly comprehend. But the God of our maid-of-all-work, the God of our neighbors' children—a God of might, a God of vengeance, a God of rewards, a God engaged in an everlasting fight with the devil, there is a deity who satisfies every craving of his being.

He thrills to the thought of the Ten Commandments. Laws, laws written down upon tablets of stone, laws given to Moses upon the lonely mount—these are laws worthy of both respect and obedience. "Thou shalt not bear false witness." In times past Babbitt, Jr., may have borne false witness against his younger brother. But, "if," as he recently said to me, "a thing is so important that it gets into the Ten Commandments, a person just better not try to sneak out of it."

The laws of his country, prohibition, for instance, Babbitt, Jr., like many a grown-up Babbitt, regards much more lightly. Not that he requires the services of a bootlegger at his tender years. But it happened that we lived last summer on a coast where rum-runners, if not in actual evidence, were at least a vivid legend of the surrounding waters. Like many a small boy thereabouts he gave eager ear to the tales of the present day pirates, the while ignoring or secretly admiring the moral breach that made their story so thrilling and dramatic.

Thus Babbitt, Jr.—sometimes a prig, sometimes startlingly frank and forthright, but always following the lode-star of his deepest interest. I had expected him to be "thus" and not "so," I had thought to mould him to a pattern, I can only stand helplessly by and watch him grow. Not even grow as directly as a plant. For spiritual growth, as Babbitt, Jr., has unconsciously reëmphasized for me, must follow strange, contradictory ways.

"No man can be certain that he has indeed become a wise man—so far as it is possible for any of us to be wise—unless he has passed through all the fatuous or unwholesome incarnations by which that ultimate stage must be preceded. . . . We are not provided with wisdom, we must discover it for ourselves after a journey through the wilderness which no one else can take for us, an effort which no one can spare us, for our wisdom is the point of view from which we come at last to regard the world."

It is the French novelist, Marcel Proust, the min-

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ute analyst, not only of the soul of the man, but of the soul of the child, speaking. It must be my chief hope in the days, yes, and the years, during which the ways of Babbitt, Jr., as he gropes toward understanding fill me with doubt and dismay.

RUTH SAPIN.

Highland Memories

MADAME X— is lately come from a stay in England, and starts now on a motor trip through the north of Italy, Modena, Parma, Mantua and on. She has been often in England, but she comes from the fray each time with new experiences which seem vastly to engage her mind; for days she is busy telling and arranging them.

She herself is an American, some years under forty, and has never married; she is not tall, not short, with a slight, smart figure, looking always groomed to perfection, polished and chic and rich, though she is not rich at all and in fact supports herself by her own wits. These wits start off by teaching her to cut her hair into long bangs in front, kept curled and cleverly out of fashion. These wits keep her clothes careless in effect and assured in elegance and style. She has considerable jewelry, old paste diamonds and imitation pearls, worn always with a style of her own; and small feet that look compact; delicate and rare at the same time. When she talks, or is telling a story, she has a great way of pouncing her arms about and downwards, a kind of pinching at the air and declaiming, with bright shrieks of laughter. Her eyes are blue and are coolish, kind and highly personal all at once. In sum she is made up wholly of subtle combinations.

She has a talent for being impervious, and though she appears to have many English friends, she has in this case managed to be impervious to a whole nation. You hear her discourse of the themes deduced from her visit, and wonder what the English thought of her.

THE HUSBAND

Madame X— has been visiting in the English north country. Indeed she came straight to Turin from there, taking a train in Yorkshire and starting off for the Mediterranean as lightly as her London friends start to Oxford. She has been at a country house with twenty other guests for ten days in some shooting season or other, visiting her friend Augusta C—and Augusta's husband Reggie.

She has done this sort of thing before, but what forever astonishes her and stirs up this discourse of hers is the way it all goes—and when Madame X— says that of any place she means the way the women are treated there. She begins now with the commonplaces that the English are a great and astonishing people and that England is a man's country, then resumes her personal history. You come down in the morning, she says, you are naturally a little late, and there is the vast breakfast spread out, and in such a nipping air you are always hungry. But the men of course have been there first, since they are going shooting, and they have taken all the best portions of everything. However, you dash about among these dishes spread out for people and get your needs attended to more or less. By that time the men have all gone.

They are out all day, and luncheon is an indifferent affair for the women. You walk a little or sit in your room and are free to do what you like. At tea time there is tea served in the drawing-room, if anybody is there, and sometimes a man or so strolls in. If he talks at all it is to the other man and then only about the day's shooting. You pour the tea for them and sit there as if you were another teapot, that is all, and if you watch and slip a remark into the conversation, the men look at you a moment and say, "Oh?" and go back to their subject. At dinner they talk of the hunting, after dinner they stay interminably over their wine and cigars, and then appear in the drawing-room frankly looking for the women who can play cards the best. Then early to bed, since they are tired with manly exercise.

One day, for some unknown reason and greatly to his wife's surprise, Reggie had said to Madame X— that he was driving over in the car that morning to a lodge ten miles away to see how the fish were coming on. She said she thought she would; they went.

They drove the ten miles, sat half an hour by a millrace watching the run of the trout and then home again. Augusta, after luncheon, had taken her aside. Her astonishment had been unbounded at Reggie's taking Madame X—along, she wanted to know what he had talked about. Had she heard the sound of Reggie's voice? Augusta wanted to know. Oh, yes, Madame X— had said, while they were sitting by the stream Reggie had called to a farmer to know if he thought the fishing promised to be good this year.

And had Reggie said anything to her? Oh, yes, when they came to the first gate Reggie had said, "Would you mind getting out and opening the gate?" That was to prevent his having to leave the car. When they came to the last gate Madame X—had seen a man and called to him to open the gate, and at that Reggie had said, "But, do you know the man?" She did not, she said. "But won't he think it very strange of you?" Reggie asked.

That was all, but Augusta thought it marvelous in Reggie to say all this. Augusta adored Reggie, however; he depended on her, he could not be a day without her, he was tall and healthy, he was always in form, had never missed dressing for dinner in his life, and though he could not play anything, knew really a good deal about musical pieces.

GENTLEMEN

During her stay in England, Madame X— read in the papers that one of the large department stores in London had decided, in order to increase the general beauty of things, she supposed, to arrange that each one of its managers or floor-walkers, or whatever they were called, would wear in his lapel a white carnation. Patrons of the firm

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would hereafter know the floor managers by this white carnation.

Later, however, she saw a new announcement in the papers. Ever since the appearance of the notice, it was said, letters had poured in to the directors of the firm, of complaint and remonstrance. It appeared that a not uncommon custom in London was for gentlemen to wear white carnations in their buttonholes. How then were people to know the gentlemen from the floor managers? This was a difficulty that the directors deeply regretted they had not foreseen. They had no desire to offend or to inconvenience any of their patrons. A new arrangement therefore had been arranged, there were no longer any carnations: after this you were to know the floor managers by a twig of sturdy oak.

Precedence

Talking with a friend, the daughter of one of the great steamship companies, Madame X— had declared that she thought on every ship a list ought to be made out of the passengers in the order of their value to mankind. For instance, she had said, if D'Annunzio was on board he would head the list. And so on down through the artists and writers and philosophers and statesmen to the women and traveling salesmen.

But what of chivalry? her friend had asked, since chivalry always goes with thoughts of catastrophes. It was, her friend said, the women and children who were always to be saved first.

But that, Madame X— had replied, was a mere primitive idea. It made sense when the tribe had to be preserved. But now, speaking as one who had not offended by bringing further people into the world, goodness knows there were enough and to spare. Anybody could produce a child and did. It was another sort of creation that we needed nowadays. And at this point Madame X— remembered what she had read in The Symposium about who would not prefer instead of any earthly progeny such children of their souls as Lycurgus, Solon and other great men had left behind them, as pledges of that love which subsists between them and the eternal.

She had not exactly read the passage in Plato, she adds, as she recounts this discussion with the steamship daughter, but had got it from Father Case, of the extreme High Church, almost Roman Catholic, a wonderful man. However—

The advantage, she had said, of such a list as this she proposed was first, that it would save the people worth most to civilization, and second, that, since there were really very few shipwrecks, it would provide a subject for conversation among the passengers, looking at the list the first day and reading the names, Mr. William Butler Yeats, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Miss Mary Pickford, and so on, and how they were graded and who ought to be allowed to drown.

Her friend, Madame X— says, seemed unable to imagine such an arrangement. Perhaps not, but if it had been a lot of dukes and earls, she thinks her friend would have understood the scheme quite well.

Stark Young.

Firbank and Beckford

Ronald Firbank, the English novelist, died at Rome on June 7. His last novel, The Eccentricities of the Cardinal Pirelli, has been published in England, but not yet in the United States. It is in some ways, I believe, the best book of Firbank's I have read—one of the very best written and one of the freest from the curious sophisticated "gagging" which has had a way of shutting off in Firbank's characters their vividness and their charm by turning them into the mere comic names and stupid jokes of a sort of debauched funny-paper. Firbank has usually been treated as a lesser representative of the fashionable school of ironic romance (Van Vechten, Aldous Huxley, etc.); but, though in appearance perhaps the most trivial, he seems to me to have felt the artist's vocation more authentically than many of the others. These others, in general, are graceful writers; but Firbank is not precisely a graceful writer: he works in brief, discontinuous strokes which appear to have cost him some pains. Whatever else he may not take seriously, he is serious about literature. The "painted, love-tired hands" of the toreador's mistress opening and closing her fan; the "still, deep pools" of the Moorish water-garden, in which the Cardinal sought "like some Adept to interpret the mirrored music of the sky"; the Pope with "the head of an elderly lady's-maid," in his twentieth century Vatican, remarking, "It's a bore there being no lift!" as he dismisses the Cardinal with a benediction (I quote from the Cardinal Pirelli): these afford something of the pleasure and surprise which we derive from the vision of the original artist.

But Firbank, so highly developed on certain of his sides, is fatally deficient on others. As an artist, he presents the disconcerting spectacle of one of those sea-crabs one sometimes finds in which a claw which has been broken off has not yet had time to grow again, so that we are shocked by the disproportion between the normal claw and the helpless rudimentary one. And, in their subjects themselves, Firbank's novels seem to reflect some fundamental maladjustment; it is not merely the reader who finds them unsatisfactory, but the author who expresses dissatisfaction. All the heroes and heroines of Firbank—in those books that I have read, at least—are as unfortunate as possible; possessed by a bizarre variety of passions, their passions are almost invariably frustrated. In his final novel, indeed, the author seems to have contrived a fable of his own case: can we fail to recognize in the Cardinal Pirelli, with his "very great distinction and sweetness," whose ecclesiastical career is blighted by his inveterate worldliness and frivolity, by his excessive indulgence toward the weaknesses and the vagaries of his flock, a symbol of the fate of that English novelist, distinguished by some very rare qualities, who never came to anything in the world of letters represented, in another of his books, by a delegation consisting of E. V. Lucas, Robert Hichens and Clutton-Brock.

It is interesting to compare Ronald Firbank with another highly special literary case—the author of Vathek. Like Firbank, William Beckford was a rich man of rather distinguished literary abilities, who never, however, accomplished as much as his brilliance seemed to warrant—an Englishman who lived much out of England and felt a

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special interest in the East (both were preoccupied with the excesses of the pre-Adamite Sultans). Like Firbank, he had luxurious tastes and eccentric curiosities. Both derived principally from French sources; but Beckford is as different from his master Voltaire, and in very much the same way, as Firbank from his master, France. For Beckford's cynicism and irony do not imply a criticism of society; they seem merely to satisfy a perverse impulse. And his fancy has the slightly mad silliness which we find also in Firbank. "In vain did she renew her fumigations," writes Beckford of the Princess Carathis, in her supreme effort to put herself in harmony with the abominable powers of darkness, "and extend herself upon the roof to obtain mystic visions. Nothing more could she see in her dreams than pieces of brocade, nosegays of flowers, and other unmeaning gewgaws." One does not think of any other English writer who would have been likely to have thought of this; but it is the sort of thing one does find in Firbank. The unexpected and tragic force of the burning hearts of the Hall of Eblis is akin also to the incongruous bitterness which sometimes makes itself felt in Firbank. Beckford and Firbank both have the same cool and trivial, but suspiciously sadistic-sounding cruelty, which we might speak of as feminine, if it were not so plainly something distinct. And in their sensibility, their subtle intelligence, their exquisite taste for fine and gorgeous things, as well as in their malice, their eccentric manias and their incurable silliness, they have much in common with the uncomfortable character of Proust's M. de Charlus.

Siegfried Sassoon's Satirical Poems (published in London by Heinemann,) though slight and quite casual, seems to me one of the most satisfactory volumes of verse which has recently come out of England. Mr. Sassoon's early reputation as a propagandist anti-war poet seems to have had the effect of interfering with the proper appreciation of the literary merits, both of his war poems and of the poems which he wrote afterwards and which had nothing to do with the War—of the intensity and freshness of his feeling and the pungency and movement of his verse. I have always thought him one of the only representatives of his generation in England (taking in radicals and conservatives alike) who possesses a genuine lyric gift, as distinguished from the mere literary proficiency and the determination to be a poet which one finds both in Osbert Sitwell and in John Drinkwater. We have had a good deal of satiric poetry lately; in fact, the age rather runs to satire. But it is a mistake to suppose that states of mind which do not generate emotion enough to launch, say, a successful love lyric will find a better field in satire, which, quite as much as soberer forms of literature, requires feeling to make it effective. It is precisely Mr. Sassoon's immunity from the blight of the current dust-and-ashes irony, his capacity for still becoming strongly excited over stupidity, complacency and cruelty which makes it possible for him to write these admirable pieces on the Diary of a Defunct Ambassador; the Wembley Exhibition; a concert at which Stravinsky is played before the rapt admiration—and equal incomprehension—of an audience who a few years before had hooted Le Sacre du Printemps; a conversation at dinner on the miners' strike; an exhibition of Sargents at the Royal Academy; a Founders' Feast at an English college (at which, "on the Provost's left, in gold and blue, Sat—O my God!—great Major-General Bluff—Enough, enough, enough, enough, enough!); and the Anticipation of a London Paper Attaining a Guaranteed Circulation of Ten Million Daily.

EDMUND WILSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Political Prisoners in Hungary

SIR: With the recent conviction of Matthias Rakosi and fifty-four other Communists and left-wing socialists by the Bethlen-Horthy government, the number of prisoners who are being held in Hungary solely for their political views reaches several hundreds. These political prisoners are chiefly left-wing socialists, Communists and liberals. The government has been ruthless in the suppression of freedom of speech and of the press. Vilag, the best Hungarian language paper, has been suppressed and its editor, Charles Feleky, imprisoned because of a single article which did not meet with the approval of government officials. Socialist and even conservative papers have been outlawed for criticizing Horthy or even the old Hapsburg family, a bit of Bethlen strategy calculated to win royalist support.

Authors of newspaper or magazine articles are being sentenced to prison terms of from one to five years under a law entitled "A Bill for the More Efficient Protection of the Country's Interests." Count Michael Karolyi, Prof. Oscar Jaszi and other statesmen and scientists have been indicted under this measure. Rakosi and thirty-five of the others recently tried in Budapest were sentenced to terms varying from eight and a half years to ten months.

The families of these prisoners are in desperate need. There is no relief officially permitted. Dominant sentiment is hostile to any movement in behalf of political prisoners or their kin and the relief distributed through foreign agencies has to be managed with the greatest discretion.

This committee is, however, in contact with competent and trustworthy agents in Hungary who are able to distribute relief to prisoners' families.

A correspondent has recently written to the committee:

> We have men and women released from prison from time to time and they need immediate help for mind and body. Last week I distributed parcels of food to thirty families of political prisoners. You cannot tell how I need funds to carry on this work. Unemployment is fearful and ex-political prisoners, of course, find it almost impossible to get work. Some are former teachers now barred from schools. Others, poets and journalists, are blacklisted. We can't let these families starve. If people in America knew some of the cases I help, I'm sure they would send funds at once.

Will those of your readers who are interested to help, send contributions to the International Committee for Political Prisoners, Room 410, 2 West thirteenth Street, New York City.

ROGER N. BALDWIN, NORMAN THOMAS, ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN, JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, WILBUR THOMAS.

New York, N. Y.

Wanted: Real Jobs for Women

SIR: Since Agnes de Lima said a good word for the strikers in Passaic, I do not mind that it was at my expense. I had meant my somewhat rhetorical question regarding part time jobs for feminists to be general rather than specific.

The real problem for the mother who wishes a remunerative job is the proper division of her time and duties, and under the present system of employment that is difficult. Having educated public opinion to the point where the desire for such a job is no longer

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considered disgraceful, the next step is to arrange things so such jobs will be possible. There is always the opportunity for social work in any community, but many women are not fitted for social work, or (heaven help us) do not like it. Is it so reprehensible to want the kind of job one wants, and not merely something to do?

Passaic, N. J. MYRA MARINL

Women and Wages

SIR: In a recent issue of the New Republic, I notice that Alice Beal Parsons answers a review of her book, The Woman's Dilemma. The difficulty with answering Mrs. Parsons, in turn, is that the New Republic and its readers are permeated with the same class viewpoint which Mrs. Parsons calmly assumes and disregards. Mothers' pensions and child maintenance schemes, says Mrs. Parsons, "are predicated on the theory that the community can be supported by the economic contributions of males alone, *supposing the community wealth is distributed according to need,*" (emphasis mine), and she advocates "studies to see if this is practicable." Well, does Mrs. Parsons realize in what these "studies" would consist? Russia has been making a sort of preliminary attempt at them, to the accompaniment of much murder and bloodshed, for the last dozen or so years. Does Mrs. Parsons think she and a couple of statisticians from the Rockefeller Institute can do it in a Ph. D. thesis? Nothing but the complete and thorough-going application of the final stages of Communism—which even Lenin did not expect for the next century or two—can solve the problem of the adequacy of distribution on the need basis to satisfy the community's wants.

A second sentence where Mrs. Parsons so cleverly conceals her assumption of data applicable to middle-class women only is where she speaks of the woman who "desires to start out on a job and leave her children to other agencies for care during working hours." What do these "other agencies" mean? For the leisure class woman they mean a play school. Perhaps Mrs. Parsons thinks a crèche is good enough for working-class children? But if play schools became universal in a community—on the present basis of three adults or so to every eight children, the entire adult female population and a considerable portion of the male would be devoted to the "business" of education.

That is the really desirable consummation—and if Mrs. Parsons thinks it can be accomplished more efficiently than in the present leisure-class, or working-class, home there is no quarrel with her. That is, at bottom, probably what she and the rest of her school of feminists do think—their attitude is an unconscious revolt against the inefficiency of the modern organization of the home. But there is no attacking the problem, as Mrs. Parsons's own letter shows, without raising a great many issues which no American feminist is even willing to approach.

ROBERT WOLF.

New York, N. Y.

The Poor Man's Advocate

SIR: It is gratifying to know that the movement to establish the office of Public Defender to represent indigent accused persons—which has encountered much opposition from Bar Associations and lawyers generally for many years past—is now on its way to successful culmination.

Recent developments in aid of the Public Defender project have been most significant and indicate that the Public Defender is likely to become a part of our system of criminal law in the near future—following the example set in Los Angeles and in other American communities.

The National Crime Commission through its Sub-Committee on Criminal Procedure and Judicial Administration, of which ex-Governor Herbert S. Hadley is Chairman, among other things, recommended recently that a Public Defender be created to insure that an indigent defendant be represented by competent counsel.

Recent newspaper reports intimate that the American Bar Association at its recent convention at Denver recommended the establishment of Public Defenders.

Chief Justice Taft, in his Preface to a pamphlet entitled Growth of Legal Aid Work in the United States, issued by the United States Department of Labor, stated:

> I think that we shall have to come, and ought to come, to the creation in every criminal court of the office of Public Defender, and that he should be paid out of the treasury of the county or the state.

In view of the foregoing recommendations made by such representative bodies—reinforced by the opinion of the distinguished Chief Justice of the United States, it can no longer be urged successfully that the Public Defender proposal possesses a mere sentimental appeal, sponsored by over-zealous reformers, but that it is based on the spirit of fundamental justice to those accused persons, who because of their poverty, are denied their constitutional right to a fair trial.

The criminal law must be so amended that the poor and helpless defendant shall be accorded the same right to an adequate legal defense as is accorded to the wealthy malefactor. No one should be compelled to suffer because of his race, creed or poverty. The system of "assigned counsel" should give way to the more enlightened system of public defense to those who are unable properly to defend themselves.

The trial of a criminal case should be an impartial search for the truth, rather than a battle of wits between opposing counsel. The office of Public Defender is sanctioned by historical precedent and human experience. It is justified from the standpoint of justice, efficiency and economy.

New York, N. Y. MAYER C. GOLDMAN.

To Rescue Central Europe

SIR: Your readers may be interested in learning of the Central European Economic Congress which held its first meeting in Vienna in September, 1925. All Central European and practically all European states were represented there.

The aim of the Central European Economic Congress is to organize the utterly ruined economic life of Central Europe, with the ultimate end of establishing a kind of economic federation of the respective states. Thus it serves the restoration and development of Europe.

The Permanent Committee of the C. E. E. C. has among its members and supporters the most outstanding leaders of European science, economics and politics. It coöperates with the League of Nations, International Bureau of Labor, International Chamber of Commerce, Smithsonian Institute, Carnegie Foundation for International Peace, Pan-European Union, etc.

The C. E. E. C. is the most important step to eliminate the main cause of the present world crisis, because in consequence of the dissolution of Central Europe there are now thirty-six states in Europe instead of twenty-six before the War; because the eleven new or partly new "Succession States" and "Border States" mean just as many new boundaries and boundary-quarrels; because the leading industrial states of this newly created state conglomerate, Czechoslovakia and Austria, as well as Hungary, have no outlet to the sea; because no rational economy can be followed in dissected Central Europe; because the impoverishment causes bitterness, bitterness nourishes the national antagonism, feeds the envy, the aggressiveness, the armament-psychology, and the war menace is permanent.

As long as the danger of a new conflagration threatens Europe, the work of the League of Nations, World Court, Disarmament Congresses and of all other pacifistic institutions remains illusory. America cannot gain the markets it needs, cannot secure the money it has invested, cannot maintain the high standard it has attained. The American inland markets are commercially saturated and if those of Europe go on declining the consequence will be reduced production, unemployment and want in the U. S. A. The chance to improve economic conditions in Europe is also the chance to preserve the health and strength of America. Therefore: America helps itself by helping Europe to find the way to reconstruction, security, peace.

New York, N. Y. ALFRED TYRNAUER.

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Protestantism and Capitalism

Religion and the Rise of Capitalism, by R. H. Tawney. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 337 pages. $3.50.

THE coincidence in time and place between the development of Protestantism and of capitalism has long been noted. In their modern forms, the origins of both, as Mr. Tawney points out, lie in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

At the beginning of this period commerce was relatively undeveloped and work was regarded as a necessary evil that had been occasioned only by Adam's fall. The taking of interest was prohibited by the canon law and just prices for goods were fixed which were designed to maintain the customary standards of life of their makers. Thrift was not regarded as a virtue and the accumulation of capital was consequently small. During these two centuries, however, commerce, finance and manufacturing grew rapidly and large funds of capital were saved. By 1700, the moral scruples against the reception of interest had virtually disappeared and the principle of just price had been replaced by bargains struck in the market between those who were trying to get as much and give as little as they could. The modern world of commerce and finance had arrived and Protestantism had been born. It was indeed precisely in the new commercial and industrial classes which were thus coming into being, as was observed by such competent contemporaries as Petty, that Protestantism arose. To this day, the strength in Europe of those Protestant denominations which bear the impress of Calvin lies in the capitalistic regions while Catholicism and Lutheranism are primarily dominant in the agricultural sections. Even in the less advanced capitalistic countries, such as France, a disproportionately large share of the industry and trade is in the hands of the Protestants.

What then has been the inter-relationship between these two important forces? Catholics and Marxists agree for once in making Protestantism merely the religious apology for capitalism and Calvin's famous defense of interest is thus declared to have been dictated by the economic desires of the bankers and traders who formed the backbone of Protestant Geneva. On the other hand, Max Weber in his classic essay, Die Protestantische Ethik und der Geist des Kapitalismus, has urged that capitalism could not have appeared until Calvinistic Protestantism had changed men's concepts of the place in life of work and thrift. While Weber's work was followed in Germany by the studies of Troeltsch, Levy and Schultze-Gaevernitz, little attention has been paid to the problem. Save for Archdeacon Cunningham's little book and H. G. Woods's stimulating essay, this book by Mr. Tawney is the first serious attempt by an Englishman to trace the connection in their germinal period between these factors.

The Puritan movement, as Mr. Tawney well observes, and not the formation of the Established Church, constituted the English Reformation. Man's duty, under the Puritan ideal, was to make manifest the glory of God, not by an isolated set of spectacular good works, but by a life of hard labor and devotion. God's work included the humble as well as the more honorific tasks of life. Shoemakers, weavers and bankers could alike demonstrate in their working hours that they were indeed His children. This gave to the Puritans a dæmonic thirst for hard work which was in striking contrast to the easy-going methods which Catholicism had tolerated and encouraged. Added to this was the Puritan emphasis upon the simple life. Seeking the Eternal City, the Puritan abjured the pleasures of this world, and incidentally saved his money. Hard work and simple living inevitably created appreciable sums of capital which were used to expand their enterprises still further and which transformed many of the Puritans from small to large capitalists.

It was here that the more unlovely aspects of the Puritan way of life manifested themselves. The children of the wealthy Puritans lost in many cases the moral fibre of their parents and spent without working, and the faith that justified itself in a pain economy failed all too often to meet the needs of prosperity. The wealthy moreover applied the same fierce energy in their bargains which they had displayed in the workroom and the shop. Calvin and Knox, Baxter and Bunyan tried indeed to set up restrictive standards which were to prevent the strong from taking advantage of the weak. But while these restrictions succeeded for a time in such local markets as that of sixteenth century Geneva or seventeenth century New England, with the widening of markets which followed the Civil War, religious control in the powerful Protestant sects over English economic life broke down. The economic appetites were freed and little pity was shown to the poor in the contracts which the wealthy Puritan manufacturers made with their laborers. Was not poverty indeed, they reasoned, a visible proof that God's blessing was not present? The poor were what they were because of their own indolence and extravagance. Hence the Protestant mercantilists, as Gregory and Furniss have recently reminded us, sought to increase the prosperity of the nation by depressing the real wages of the workers. Only thus, they reasoned, could the laborers be induced to work more. The terrible combination of smug ruthlessness began more and more to permeate the Protestant character. The feeling which had been fostered by Catholicism, that society was a community bound together by ties of mutual obligation, rapidly disappeared and economic life was instead regarded as an arena where individuals strove for mastery and where victory was thought to constitute a proof of God's grace. The state was to watch the struggle, but to keep its hands off. After their experience with Laud, the Protestant business leaders would not tolerate interference by the state in what they regarded as their affairs. Kindness to the poor or legislative protection for them but interfered with the Divine purpose and encouraged the unworthy in their sin, for it was the law of life that everyone must stand upon his own feet. It was this Protestant philosophy, plus the belief that society was a self-regulating mechanism whose laws could not be tampered with, that constituted the chief roots for the English doctrine of laissez-faire and led even so noble a man as John Bright to oppose the Ten Hours Act.

Such indeed were the perversions which capitalism made in the Protestant faith and which Mr. Tawney is properly alert to chronicle. But Mr. Tawney fails to point out with equal emphasis the contributions which Protestantism also made to that democratic way of life which he so evidently desires. Thus the one price policy of retail merchants, which has now become almost universal in the western world, was developed not so much because the shop-keepers thought that it would lead to more rapid sales and hence reduce selling costs but rather because the early Quaker merchants believed that it was immoral to try to force one person, by the wiles of bargaining, to pay

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more than another for an identical article. This policy turned out to be profitable and it was widely imitated but it was entered upon under an almost universal prophecy that it would bankrupt its adherents. Moreover, the faith in the fundamental value of human personality which Fox emphasized and which Wesley later popularized has furnished the spiritual basis for modern humanitarianism. It is not from Catholicism nor, despite such examples as Lord Shaftesbury, from High Church Episcopalianism that the tenderness for human life, which has done so much to mitigate modern industrialism, has come chiefly, but rather from those gentler successors to Calvin who minimized the severity of his doctrines and by their lives showed that their God was one of love rather than of implacable severity.

One cannot but hope that the reading of this book will inspire some of our American scholars to undertake similar studies of the influence which religious beliefs and institutions have had upon our own economic and social life and the degree to which religion has in turn been molded by the realities of our industrial system. There is perhaps no field in our social history which needs exploration more than this and there is certainly none which is more neglected.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS.

The Time of Man

The Time of Man, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

A RECENT school of criticism has made much of the fact that American literature has so rarely sprung directly from the American soil, has contained so meagrely the elements of folk culture: love of the land that sweetens the labor upon it; love of the life it brings forth, plant and animal; love of tools and material things fashioned by the hand of man for his work upon the earth; instinctive affection for fellow-men who born of the same mother, share the same inheritance. Pioneering has played a great part in American fiction, but the theme of the pioneer has been the conquest, not the growth of the soil. It has been our boast that we have never had a peasantry—social change and promotion have been too rapid to permit human life to sink its roots deeply into the earth. American treatment of the land has tended toward exploitation, not cultivation; and it is exploitation which is recorded in our literature. A sense of this poverty in the native sources of culture has shown itself in an attempt to claim for ourselves the civilization of the Indians of the Southwest and find in it the basis of a truly American art. Again, the racial inheritance of foreign peasant stocks has been laid under contribution, notably in Miss Cather's fine novel My Antonia. The recognition of the richness of Negro life in the primary sources of art is a sign of the same awakening. It is Miss Roberts's distinction that in her first novel she has followed a strain of American life which contains the elements in which American fiction has been so often lacking, seen them with the eyes of a poet, and entered into them with an instinctive knowledge and feeling which are the gifts of a true imagination.

The Time of Man is the story of Ellen Chesser, daughter of Henry and Nellie Chesser, poor whites, wanderers upon the Kentucky roads, sojourners here and there by chance on the land by which and for which they live. An instinct for permanence leads them in each new tarrying place to make a home of the two-roomed cabin which is allotted to them, to gather tools and utensils and household gear, a little stock—a cow, a few hens—to plant flowers. Then the sense of failure in permanent adjustment, the lack of ownership of the soil which they till, vaguely working, drives them forth. This is the pathos of their poor lives—the instinct for home constantly defeated yet constantly renewed.

Ellen at ten is a social being. When the wagon breaks down and the family is thrown on the land of Hep Bodine her first thought is to rehearse her story to tell to a woman, another wagon dweller, whom she has met on the road and lost again. For a long time she has no companions but the turkeys she tends and the heifer which she saved at birth. She cries out against her loneliness.

> All at once she lifted her body and flung up her head to the great sky that reached over the hills and shouted:
>
> "Here I am!"
>
> She waited, listening:
>
> "I'm Ellen Chesser! I'm here!"
>
> Her voice went up in the wind out of the plowed land. For a moment she searched the air with her senses and then she turned back to the stones again.
>
> "You didn't hear e'er a thing," she said under breath. "Did you think you heard something a-callen?"

Gradually at each settlement she makes friends, first the boys and girls of neighboring farms, then the men and women whose labor and sorrow she shares. Love comes to her, and desertion, and again love and children and betrayal and new hope. But always there is the call of the land. Ellen and the man she has taken are talking in the sweet, rhythmical speech of the country that falls on the ear like verse.

> "By spring," says Jasper Kent, "I aim to find some fields worth a man's strength. I'm plumb tired trafficken about good land and bad as it comes. I aim to go a long piece from here."
>
> "Once when I was a youngone Pappy went to Tennessee and I saw cotton in bloom. We saw cotton grow."
>
> "I'm plumb tired trafficken about."
>
> "Saw cotton a-growen. The people gathered it after a while in big baskets, piled up white."
>
> "We'll go to some pretty country where the fields lay out fair and smooth. A little clump of woodland. Just enough to shade the cows at noon."
>
> "Smooth pasture is a pretty sight in a country, rollen up and cows dotted here and yon over it, red shorthorns and white and dun."
>
> "And you won't say 'I know a prettier country in Adair or in Shelby or Tennessee.' Mountains or not."
>
> "Smooth pastures, we'll have."
>
> "Whatever I can do to pleasure you, Ellie. The house like the way you want."
>
> "And the house fixed up, the shutters mended and the porch don't leak. To sit on a Saturday when the work is done. A vine up over the chimney. Once I saw a far piece from here . . . "

And always there is the answer of the road, beckoning away from the land which they do not own, inviting them with new promise, forbidding them to stay. Ellen's deepest, unconscious memories are bound up with it.

> Going about the rough barnlot of the farm above Rock Creek, calling in the hens, breaking them corn,

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> Ellen would merge with Nellie in the long memory she had of her from the time when she had called from the fence with so much prettiness, through the numberless places she had lived or stayed and the pain she had known, until her mother's life merged into her own and she could scarcely divide the one from the other, both flowing continuously and mounting. . . . It had seemed forever that she had traveled up and down roads, having no claim upon the fields but that which was snatched as she passed. Back of that somewhere in a dim, darkened dream like a prenatal vision, she saw a house under some nut trees, a place where she lived, but as clearly seen as this she could see her brother Davie and the others, the more shadowy forms of the older children, although all of them were dead before she was born. So that this house with the odor about it of nut shells was all imbedded now in the one dream that extended bedimmed into some region where it merged with Nellie's memories. Life began somewhere on the roads, traveling after the wagons where she had claim upon all the land and no claim, all at once, and where what she knew of the world and what she wanted of it sparkled and glittered and ran forward quickly as if it would always find something better.

At the end of her story as at the beginning she is in flight, her goods piled about her on the wagon, her children beside her, seeking the new fair land which is the goal of her pilgrimage.

It is needless to mark further the fine literary quality of Miss Roberts's novel. It will be said, indeed, that the book is written to theme, the great pervading theme of man's seeking; but so abundant and so real is the material in which the experience is rendered, so homely and intimate the background, so vivid the picturing of nature through its succession of seasons, so deep the sense of humanity in the characters, especially in the epic figure of Ellen, above all so perfect is the unity of tone, marred by no note of falseness or exaggeration that one feels in this book an almost perfect blending of idea and substance, of soul and body. It is life, not fiction, or rather it is the higher fiction which is the meaning of life.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Thinking—Asleep and Awake

The Psychology of Thought: Approached through Studies of Sleeping and Dreaming, by H. L. Hollingworth. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 346 pages. $3.

THIS volume is certain to be welcomed by all mundane-minded men. It marks for the general intelligent reader the homecoming of psychology from earlier wanderings above the earth in quest of a rational entity and from later wanderings below the earth in quest of thrills in the caverns of the subconscious. In spite of these Freudian pleasures and those idealistic palaces, such adventures afforded scientific psychology no resting place; this earth must be its home. The author confesses that when at last he felt under his feet the terra firma of a continuous natural order and in his hands an empirical technique for orienting thinking in that order, there came to him "an intellectual clarification not unlike the old-fashioned thorough religious conversion."

But let no one be deceived by either his language or mine. This book is no proper substitute for a Sunday sermon nor is it a genial companion for a summer holiday. The foregoing quotation is from the preface; science follows. True, the author discusses sleep; but those who come to drowse must stay to think. Indeed drowsing and dreaming are of interest to him precisely because they facilitate analysis of the basic mechanism of thought by displaying it in simple form. So at least he explains his interest. And it is a good explanation. The real explanation, however, for 150 pages on these subjects would probably include also the sales drawing power of dreams, the scientific joy in "murdering to dissect," and an opportunity to air under the protecting cover of facetiousness a genuine concern felt over the time we lose in sleeping. Millions for nightgowns, but not one tear for the nightly tyranny. "The elimination of the nocturnal stupor," he declares, "is a question of far greater human importance than the reconstruction of industry, the conservation of timber and water power, the eugenics movement, or the League of Nations."

Over and above such gratuities as this radical undertone and the literary overtone furnished the book by a quotation from Edmund Burke as heading for every chapter, there remains more than the reader's money worth. The differentia of all thinking from the faintest dream to the clearest reasoning are found in manipulation of symbols. For the "conditioning" process whereby symbols acquire potency, Hollingworth revives the old, and to the reviewer unhappy, term "redintegration." Today I must lash my dog to get obedience; tomorrow I have only to wave the whip. A *hint* to the wise is sufficient. Today I am angered by a quarrel; tomorrow my enemy's name is enough to reinstate my ire. This, then, is intelligence: ability to respond to a part as though it were some former whole. "The field of consciousness" therefore becomes "the field of symbolic events, and consciousness is the fact of report." This view includes but also transcends behaviorism, according to Hollingworth, since verbalization is one but not the only form of report. This principle of substitutionary causation or stimulation, based upon the mechanism of association, is made to furnish a completely naturalistic account of every manifestation of thought.

But what of the total field in which thought as thus described functions? Here Hollingworth, invading the more general philosophical realm, makes bold not merely to assert a psycho-physical continuum, but also functionally to explain all distinctions that arise within the continuum. Things, he says, are "psychical in so far as they are indefinite, variable and rare; physical in so far as they are definite, stable and common. We are conscious of mental events in just the same way that we are aware of physical objects." The problem of knowledge evaporates into many problems of correlation. "The correlation of what we call a mental fact with what we call a physical fact is no more mysterious than, and is the same in kind as, any correlation between two mental facts." Naturalistic thinkers will find in this discussion a wealth of data and a great fertility of suggestion; and others will find a particularly thorough attempt to explain every disputed phenomenon in naturalistic terms.

And, what is perhaps more important, social-minded men will find here brought up-to-date and generously oriented in the contemporary scene a psychology that in John Locke's day raised dust over "innate ideas" in order to set fire to dilapidated institutions, and that in John Mill's day ran "intuition" and "conscience" through in an attempt to do to the death political privilege and economic

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parasitism. Since those days much has been gained in the struggle for justice. Time was when the old three-decker of body, mind, spirit could be counted upon to carry its happy cargo through to "the islands of the blest." So at least sang one who rode on top. But "sounds from the noisome hold" at length challenged investigation, and investigation led to sanitation, and who knows but that sanitation may at last lead to democratization? If henceforth the old three-decker should sail as a one-classer taking only such passengers as gladly accept chance associates for potential friends on a journey that goes nowhere except back home, it would be no empty honor to nominate Professor Hollingworth as her captain on the first trip out. For he has written an account of man's whole intellectual life that is not without cues for the practical guidance of humane-minded men.

T. V. SMITH.

Short Talks With the Dead

Short Talks with the Dead, and Others, by Hilaire Belloc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 208 pages. $3.

MR. BELLOC complains that he is a hack, a scribbler, a journalist, a poor thing compelled by necessity to dish up attractive morsels of nonsense for precarious pennies in weekly papers, compelled also to serve them again cold, between the covers of a book, for a few additional pounds. If this be journalism, let us have more of it; if this be scribbling, let us try our best to scribble half as well on this side of the water. Mr. Belloc has that prerequisite of hack-writing, the ability to derive interest from, and add flavor to, almost any topic at will; he has it to such a degree that one suspects it is genuine, and that he is naturally, not wilfully gifted with that flint of the mind which will strike sparks from any stone. His piece on the Eclipse, for instance: what exhilarating drivel, not squeezed out from the small end of a pen, drop by drop, but casual, wayward, unpredictable, and apparently bottomless. Mr. Belloc's is a nimble wit, all the gayer because it sits on top of a great pile of culture; stratifications, both deep and wide, of civilized ooze, which have for years been nourished by curious and far reading, by a double paternity of country, by several languages, long histories, laborious searches, hot loyalties and many, many obstinacies.

A large part of publicly expressed prejudice and obstinacy is purely literary in its exaggeration, and a wild waving of such colored banners only one more trick of those who are afraid they will not be listened to, but in Mr. Belloc's case there is excitement in the realization that for a number of these quirks and whims, their author would stand upon barricades and go down willingly to hell. But one is never quite sure which whim springs from manner and which from impenetrable fanatic ivory in the soul. There are few minds at play today at once keener and more jagged. Half of what it produces is clear sense—better than that, luminous, brilliant sense; but the other half seems ruled by beliefs some of which are mulish, others insane, and a number ridiculous.

But this side of Mr. Belloc appears only sparingly in the book under consideration, which is a collection of papers for the most part entertaining. Some are scholarly, some serious, some magnificently satirical (and also very funny, like Lord Rumbo and Lord Jumbo), some controversial, some dull, some literary, some fanciful, and, once in a while, there suddenly flits across the page a humble melancholy chill, solemn, not without beauty, like the shadow of the Valley itself.

Some part of this man, one says to oneself, remains unsatisfied. He has been, by turns, sociologist, journalist, historian, literary critic, military expert, nonsense poet, novelist and draughtsman. Happier, in one sense, the American with such talents, which, in our more meagre soil would produce, not a contrasting garden of varieties, but one lone prodigious sun-flower of prosperity, admired, much quoted, syndicated, and overpaid. This, Mr. Belloc could never be, even if his roots were here, for, laying all his copious debt to tradition aside, he gives the impression of one constitutionally out of joint with his own times, forever digging centuries beneath them or reaching out beyond them. Which past or future, could he but arrive there and be seated, pen in hand and at peace, would probably make him as unhappy as do our own times—make him as restless, as witty, and as invulnerable to persuasion.

The European, like Hilaire Belloc, who finds his age a grating and unlovely one, is usually possessed of a shield against it, which we lack. Between the present and himself he can manage to hold up a memory magnificently stocked with the intellectual and æsthetic produce of the past. If, in this year of mediocre noise and rattle 1926, he is homesick for a splendid home, this home is near to him, audible to his inner ear, ever before his mind's eye, bound close to him by knowledges, intimacies, gravestones, readings, recollections, by quotations, jewels, characters, favorites innumerable from Athens, Provence, Church history, Montaigne, Rome, the Elizabethans, the Greek Anthology. While our longing is for a home we never knew, and our nostalgia therefore by comparison is thin-blooded and unfed.

ROBERT LITTELL.

The Poet of the Instant

Is 5, by E. E. Cummings. New York: Boni and Liveright. 115 pages. $2.

AT the instant of creation in any mind, there is a native impulse, followed an instant later by an educated sense of expression which is so swift on the uptake that the nascent idiom is often never detected. Mr. Cummings puts a very fine scalpel between these two almost simultaneous events and extracts the first. His technique is simply based on the will to take the first rather than the second impulse. Such a determination accounts for the angle at which his work strikes the mind, not for its excellence. Sometimes it appears that he uses the second faculty to sham the first, and then the best that can be said of him is that he is an inveterate experimenter.

In his best work this technique conveys a hilarity touched with the hauteur of an extremely fastidious child. Deeply offended at the vulgarities of life in one plane he insists on them in another, as the signature of integrity. Across a little plot of modern scenery, Mr. Cummings follows the muddy footprints of the monster, Life.

He is a sensuous poet entirely concerned with the darling varieties of the verb *to be*. To make apparent this concern it is interesting to compare him with John Keats and Amy Lowell, both sensuous poets, who worked from the educated impulse. Keats carried his great load of elaborated expression by the tremendous drive of feeling.

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Miss Lowell never allowed herself to careen as Keats did; she attacked surfaces as Mr. Cummings does, but with a heavy technique.

Keats was one not concerned with the verbs at all; the nouns, the tangible intensification of feeling, the object, was his philosophy. Cummings is attempting to pierce the instant of feeling itself:

> bring on your fireworks, which are a mixed
> splendor of piston and of pistil; very well
> provided an instant may be fixed
> so that it will not rub, like any other pastel.

The difference is easily illustrated. Keats writes his Ode to the Grecian Urn and his sonnet To the Elgin Marbles in a manner to affirm the crux of his philosophy—in verse constructed to last as long as marble, and to embody a belief in the endurance of the objective image. Mr. Cummings, on writing of a statue, says precisely the opposite, in verse whose intent is to reinforce the sovereignty of the divine instant over all time.

> ponder, darling, these busted statues
> of yon motheaten forum be aware
> notice what hath remained
> ——the stone cringes
> clinging to the stone, how obsolete
>
> lips utter their extant smile
> remark
>
> a few deleted of texture
> or meaning monuments and dolls
>
> resist Them Greediest Paws of careful
> time all of which is extremely
> unimportant, whereas Life
>
> matters if or
> when the your-and-my-
> idle vertical worthless
> self unite in a peculiarly
> momentary
>
> partnership (to instigate
> constructive
> Horizontal
> business . . . even so, let us make haste
> ——consider well this ruined aqueduct
>
> lady,
> which used to lead something into somewhere)

Like Miss Lowell, Mr. Cummings performs certain extraneous feats of sheer cerebral horror in order to murder, by scaring to death, the inherited literary echo. Miss Lowell, eluding the moral interior of her good forbears, becomes the strenuous practitioner of the philosophy of veneer; she uses the vigor of a scrub-woman to polish Sèvres. Mr. Cummings comes from the same New England, and has, I think, the same impediments, without having at all the same temperament. He possesses a combination of fineness and vitality which makes his work genuine, however minor. In his best work is a nimble rapture, an innocent closeness, in nowise abstracted, or even clouded by its round trip from the outside world, to him, and out again, on paper—changed by having gone through the tissue of the high peculiarity of his mind, but not sinned against as the weary mind sins. What may make Mr. Cummings a great poet in the eyes of posterity is not this closeness itself, which is a delicate and fragile thing, but the astonishing strength and originality with which he attempts the problem of conveying what is seen, in an instant, for the first time.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

Corot and Van Gogh

Corot, by Marc Lafargue, with forty illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 62 pages. $1.75.

Van Gogh, by Paul Colin, with forty illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 62 pages. $1.75.

THIS study of Corot is a blend of biography and criticism: its mood is one of happy appreciation, and M. Lafargue passes easily from literary allusions to graphic ones, and back again, without losing sight of the fact that the beauty of Corot is in the painting itself. This biography, it seems to me, throws a little light upon an acerbic and amusing discussion which Mr. Leo Stein and Mr. Scofield Thayer conducted a little while ago in The Dial. Mr. Stein said, if I do not traduce him, that modern painters were unimportant, because they had no ideas. Mr. Thayer replied—if I understood him—that painters had ideas; but the painting itself was not the expression of an anterior "idea": it was the idea itself, come to life in this especial form. Although Corot began by setting his easel up in the open field, he did not merely put down the thing before him; neither did he illustrate a concept. He communed with Nature, as Jean-Jacques had done; his mind returned to the fragrant woods where he had idled away his vacations in boyhood; passages from the Bucolics or the Georgics would pass into his consciousness; and all this mixed with his unconscious memories of Lorrain or Poussin to create, in a graphic symbol, a distinct feeling towards Nature, different from Rousseau's, as plainly as Monet's was different from Cézanne's. People without ideas do not create such symbolic equivalents. For the painter to be unable to articulate these ideas in words is not a sign of his inferiority to the professor or the technician; it may be an evidence of his peculiar aptitude. An empty, stupid mind cannot produce a great picture—true! But whether the painter's mind is illumined or not is a matter that cannot be derived from the books he reads or from his conversation; the place where he discloses it is in the picture itself.

M. Colin gives a summary of Van Gogh's life, followed like all the volumes of this Masters of Modern Art series, by some forty plates which reproduce in black and white the sturdy outline of designs which existed in and through an intense medium of color. These reproductions should be enough to assure anyone that Van Gogh was not merely an impressionist; but unfortunately for the painter, the man's life overshadowed his work, and M. Colin goes Herr Meier-Graefe one better, by only obliquely noticing the character of the paintings themselves. He rectifies errors that have crept into some of the French commentaries on Van Gogh; for example, he shows that the years in Goupil's London galleries were neither brief nor insignificant, and he does not neglect Van Gogh's experiences in Belgium and Holland, or regard them merely as a wasteful prelude to Paris and Provence. The biography is done with insight and sympathy; and if Van Gogh does not emerge from it as the Christ-like figure of Meier-Graefe, he loses none of his deep and essential humanity.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

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Far Eastern Questions

Europe and the East, by Norman Dwight Harris. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 677 pages. $5.

India, by Sir Valentine Chirol. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 352 pages. $3.

TO compile in one volume a history of contacts between European nations, including the United States, and all the peoples of the East from 1850 to the present day is a tremendous task, but Professor Harris has admirably performed it. The detail and intricacy of his book will probably make it attractive to the general reader for reference rather than for a straight perusal, and the specialist may be surprised by shifts of emphasis. Students who want something at hand in which nearly everything is recorded and with an extensive bibliography will welcome it.

The treatment is generally orthodox. British penetrations, as in Burma, are due to an "honorable desire" to stabilize territories already taken. So with France in Indo-China. Russian methods in Central Asia were less honorable but Russian expansion was "so far-reaching and so beneficial, on the whole, that some might plead for them that the end justified the means . . . " (p. 150)

The book would have been as useful probably, and Professor Harris's reputation would have remained safer from attack, if it could have been kept more objective throughout. He has not only flouted a statesman's error; he tells exactly what would have happened had the statesman been wiser. Grey, for instance, if "less weak-kneed" might have "easily safeguarded British interests without compromising British honor" in Persia (p. 203). Willingness to pass judgment leads to prophecy, a boomerangish business. In his account of China he indulges in the unnecessary judgment that in Yuan Shi-kai "passed the greatest Chinese statesman of our day." Yuan "alone could have saved the new republic and his people from interminable anarchy" (p. 444). Strong men and methods appeal to Professor Harris; he believes that the "best people in the Philippines" do not desire independence "at this time" (page 612). For China he predicts, admitting that prediction is impossible: "There should be no further conflicts for some time, however, since Chang possesses the only great military force and he disclaims any personal wish to rule the land, now that Generals Tsao Kun and Wu Pei-fu have been eliminated; and it is certain that Marshall Chang will support Premier Tuan in an effort to unite the country under a strong central government" (p. 453). The study of the history of the East has evidently not taught that nothing is certain but what is written; sometimes not even that!

Sir Valentine Chirol probably knows as much about India as any British journalist and his sense of fairness makes his presentation of the case for the British effective. His India is not a comprehensive, objective picture of a nation, as are some of the others in the Modern World series, notably Gooch's Germany. It is "concerned chiefly with the results of British rule" (p. 56) and whole phases of Indian life and thought are left out altogether; those included are seen through the eyes of the conscientious, sometimes baffled administrator.

To those who can realize that the tremendous problem of British India is the outcome of long merging of two alien but complementary civilizations, and that no return to the Vedic simplicities of a mahatma's dreams is practicable, the book has a message. It faces squarely the greatest single difficulty, the education of the rural masses, and admits that British rule "has done little so far to quicken the dead waters of ignorance that have stunted the moral and intellectual development of the Indian peasant" (p. 168). It shows also, in its lucid and competent way, that growing industrial discontent, and new stirrings among the ryots, or farmers, both partly due to the War, have been elements in reviving the movement for swaraj, along with the political activities of leaders who nave undergone western education.

Chirol's fairness to the Indian is based—naturally—on the inevitable assumptions: first that the British are the stabilizing element, calming by potential force antagonisms of race and religion; second, that there is no truth in the supposedly British maxim that good government is not a satisfactory substitute for self-government. To the Indian who says he has a right to rule himself and take the consequences, there is no answer. The best that such a book can do, the task ably performed by Chirol, is to plead that the Indian's final wisdom may well be to accept the material advantages of British help and put the narrower mold of dominion status on nationalist aspirations.

LYMAN BRYSON.

The Conquest of the Philippines by the United States, 1890-1925, by Moorfield Storey and Marcial P. Lichauco. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 274 pages. $2.50.

Heat, by Isa Glenn. New York: A. A. Knopf. $2.50.

China: An Analysis, by Frank J. Goodnow. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. 279 pages. $2.

HERE are two approaches to the problem of the Philippines, both different from the one taken by Mr. Carmi Thompson, who has been surveying the course of American empire for Mr. Coolidge and delivering to the Filipinos Coolidgean sermons on the high morality of making as much money as possible for Americans out of the Filipinos' rubber. Messrs. Lichauco and Storey have drawn up a powerful brief against the American occupation. They rehearse the hideous story of the suppression of the Filipino revolt after the Spanish-American war, with the cruelty and bad faith inseparable from imperialistic conquests, a chapter of American history the professional celebrants of American idealism may well pass over. They cite the numerous promises of independence and the equally numerous recessions from performance. And they conclude with an appeal for independence, based on the claims of justice. It is a strong case but one that takes no account of power psychology and economic motives. It will move those who do not believe in America's destiny to Americanize the world and who have no stake in the development of rubber and no capital invested in the Islands. In other words, it will move those who have the least voice in determining the fate of the Philippines. Those who believe that the appeal to genuine idealism is of any practical use in international politics may cherish their belief.

Heat is a treatment of the same subject in the medium of fiction. In it the ruling race is shown enjoying the rights and privileges of conquest and paying the price in physical and moral disintegration exacted by a tropical climate and an artificial position of superiority. It is done after the manner of A Passage to India but without the

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latter's penetration beneath surfaces and bodying forth of living figures.

Professor Goodnow has written a useful book for the student who needs a work of reference on China or the layman who wants a general view of a country which is becoming of increasing importance to us. While too general for the specialist and advanced student, this gives a clear and concise statement of the roots of China's culture, the development of its history and the play of forces in the disturbed China of today. Professor Goodnow can write with some authority, since he was for two years legal advisor to the government of China at a time when the title advisor was not so cheaply given as it is in Peking now.

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

Prints and Books

Prints and Books: Informal Papers, by William M. Ivins, Jr. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 375 pages. $5.

THESE papers by the Curator of Prints in the Metropolitan Museum of Art are a happy combination of scholarship, insight and informal literary skill. If the collector's and the connoisseur's interest is dominant in these discussions of woodcuts, engravings, etchings, ornament, Weiditz, Dürer, Daumier, Goya, and many other topics and artists, the criticism that accompanies the more technical discussion is usually vivid and intelligent and human. Mr. Ivins has an appropriate gusto: "This little book," he notes in his preface, "is by way of being a record of some of the happiness that has come to a man in a museum." As a means of increasing the range of interest, and augmenting the happiness, of those who visit museums, not to work therein, these papers are to be recommended.

L. M.

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LYMAN BRYSON last winter was lecturer on international politics at the University of California.

NATHANIEL PEFFER was for some years a journalist in China, and is lecturing this fall at the New School for Social Research on the subject of Imperialism.

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